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COME TO A COWSILL WEDDING!

VISIT the STARS AT HOME!

DAVE CLARK
SHOWS YOU AROUND HIS PENTHOUSE!

DINO DANELLI
WELCOMES YOU TO HIS PAD!

MIKE NESMITH
INVITES YOU TO HIS MANSION!

TOMMY JAMES
ASKS YOU OVER TO HIS HIDEAWAY!

DAVY JONES: I'm Looking For Someone To Love

THE STONES ROLL AGAIN!

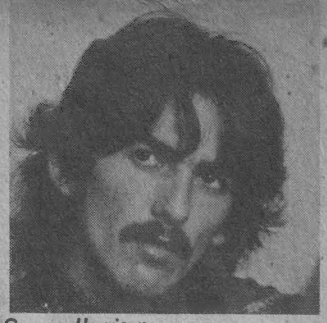
BEATLES: FROM RICHES TO RAGS!

DACK RAMBO'S HANG-UP

MARK LINDSAY

teen Life

Mamas & Papas



George Harrison

October, 1968
Volume 8, No. 6

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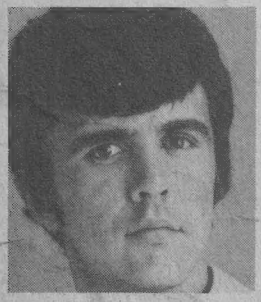

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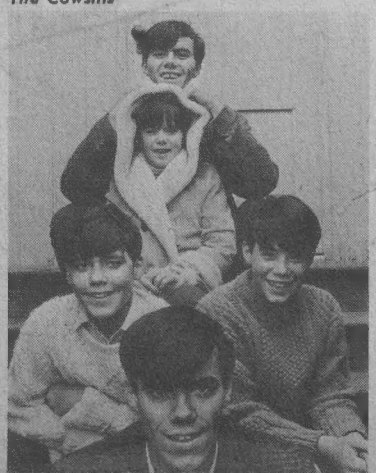

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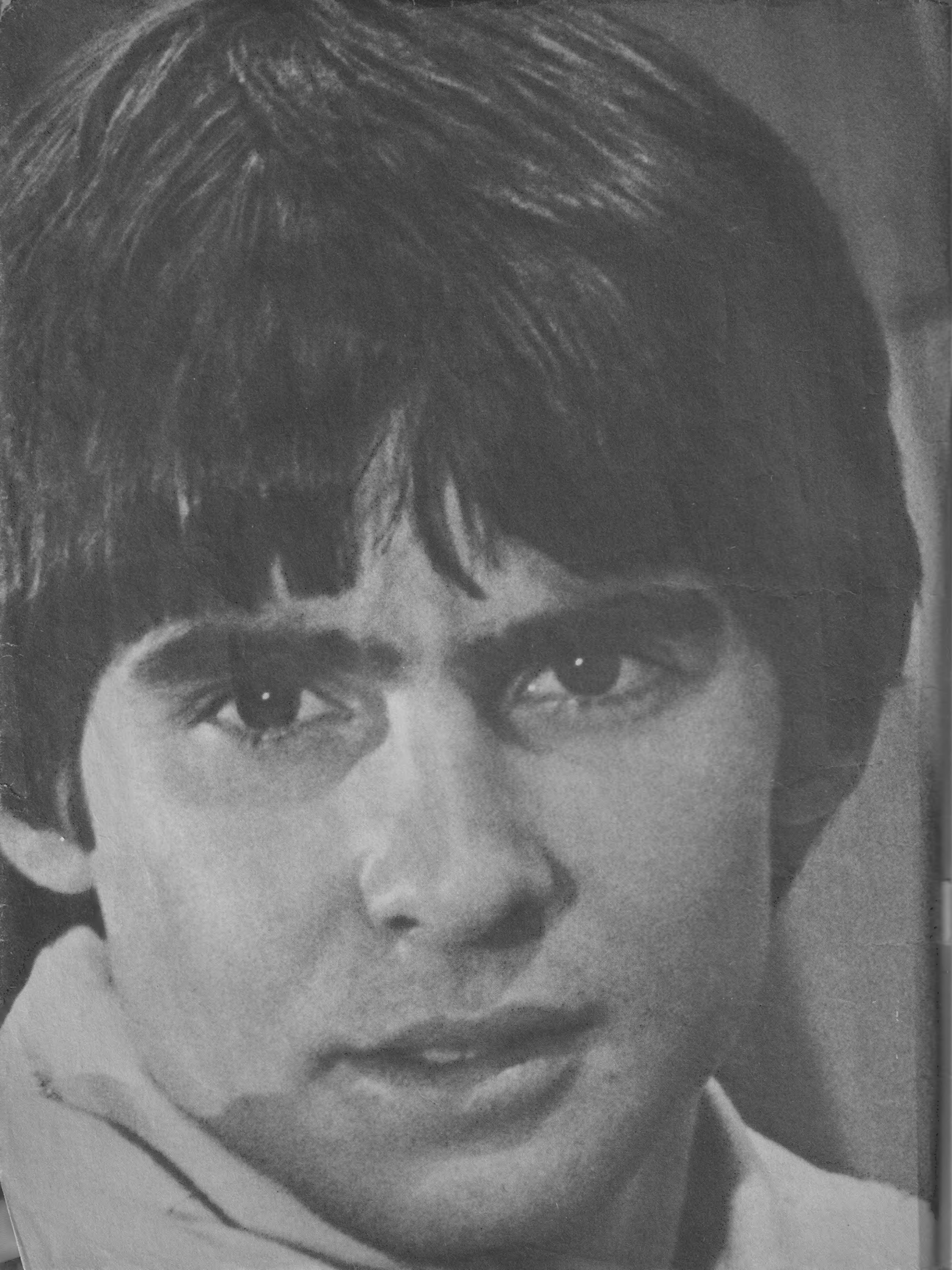


DAVY JONES ADMITS

I'M LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO LOVE

With a gorgeous home, a healthy bank account and a successful career, Davy has everything a young man could possibly want. Everything except the right girl to share it all with him...

ON a hideaway street in the hills that twist above Los Angeles sits a house. It's nestled into the California-green mountains that range up behind it and it looks down on hills that fall away in a flat curve of land to the sea beyond and at night the lights of the city sparkle a diamond coverlet and make the house a very special place to be. And . . . "I love it," said David Jones quietly. "I love my house. Just to be able to come home at night . . . and shut the gate behind me . . . and have my dog come running out to greet me. And then have my friends in later and maybe cook dinner or play records or just sit around and talk and just . . . unwind." He looked at me for a moment and then said . . . hands apart, and a small flickering came across his face . . . "It's great. It's . . . my home."

Davy loves his home and his friends . . . and his dog. Although the dog does have his moments! He fancies he's a deer and he's always sailing over the picket fence that runs around David's home! It happened again the other midnight, so David dragged himself out of bed, threw something on, padded downstairs and cut into the chill morning air, corralled his unrepentant dog, brought him back in, locked the gate, padded back upstairs and into his warm cozy bed . . . and the dog promptly sailed over the fence again! David laughed, talking about it. "Oh, it's all right," he said indulgently. "Susie's *(Please turn to page 62)*

COME TO A COWSILL WEDDING

The Cowsill family has added another member to its ranks. Karen is her name and she joined the clan by becoming Mrs. Bill Cowsill

Place: Broadway Church Of Christ, New York City.
Date: June 9th, 1968.
Time: 10:45 a.m.
Occasion: The wedding between Miss Karen Locke of Allentown, Pa. and Mr. William Cowsill of Newport, Rhode Island.

Outside the sun was shining and passers-by the church took a quick peek at those going in. Inside, the organ played softly, the guests talked quietly, and the bridegroom, as do most bridegrooms, bit his lip nervously and asked the best man, for the umpteenth time, if he had remembered to bring the ring!

Then the minister appeared, the organ started to play *Here Comes The Bride.*

The bride on her father's arm, felt her legs go to jelly as she started that seemingly endless walk down the aisle to the side of her future husband. And everyone turned round and sighed: "Doesn't she look beautiful?"

And she did. In fact, the whole wedding ceremony was beautiful.

Afterwards the entire Cowsill entourage took off for the Waldorf Hotel for a slap-up champagne brunch. Only close friends and relatives were invited, but there was so much talking and laughter going on, you'd have thought that there were at least a hundred people there! Paul, who acted as Bill's best man, gave a short speech and proposed a toast to the couple.

After the reception, the new Mr. and Mrs. Cowsill took off for a week's honeymoon in the Virgin Islands. Now they are back in Manhattan busily settling into their new apartment and new way of life. We all wish them the happiness that they wish themselves.

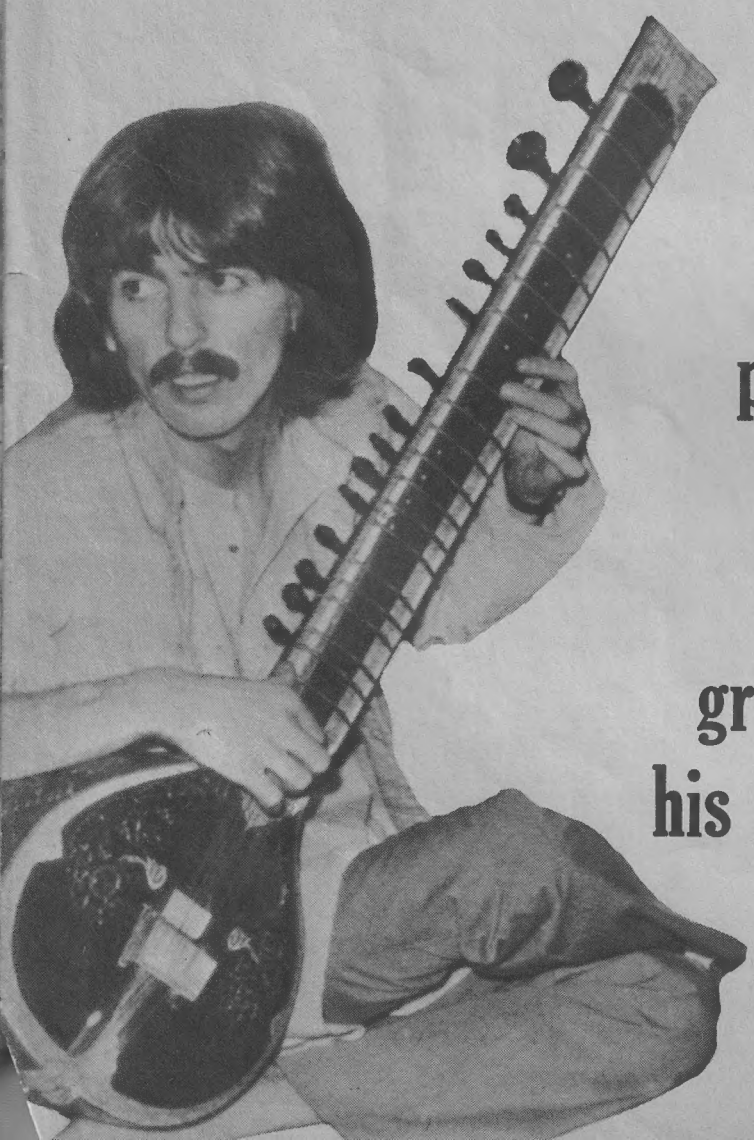
Left: Bill and Karen are joined in matrimony while the rest of the family looks on. Below: friends and relatives pose outside the church.

At the reception, sister Susan toasts the young newly-weds.

Left: Bill and Karen after the ceremony. Above, Paul looks as if he's giving his big brother some advice!

GEORGE HARRISON:

BEATLE WHO'S CHANGED THE MOST



For five years Tony Barrow, the Beatles' press agent and close friend, has remained quietly in the background. Now he breaks his long silence and describes the Beatles as they really are.

By TONY BARROW

IT WAS August 22, 1965, we had flown into Portland City, Oregon, for the twelfth in a set of 15 American concerts.

Our chartered aircraft, a most comfortable Lockheed Elektra, had developed engine trouble while coming in low between the rocky walls of a nightmarishly narrow canyon.

A comparatively antique substitute machine was to be our late-night transport from there to the Californian coast after the show.

The Beatles inspected the dimly-lit interior of the plane, noting the worn seat fabrics and somewhat paintstripped fittings.

George Harrison, a wise man who has never enjoyed flying for the thrill-fun sake of it, took down a dusty coil of thick brown rope from a rack.

"What's this for?" he asked an unnaturally beautiful stewardess.

"It's an escape ladder."

"How long is it?" pursued the Beatle.

"About 12 feet, I guess."

"I take it we shall be flying at a steady 13 feet all the way then?" concluded George in a hopeless sort of mutter.

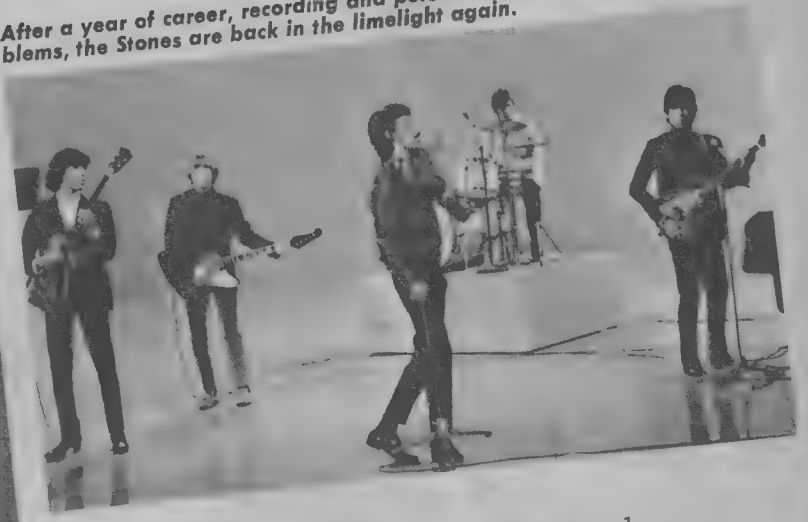
(Please turn to page 58)

THE STONES

Jumpin' Jack The Stones Are Back!

ROLL AGAIN!

After a year of career, recording and personal problems, the Stones are back in the limelight again.



Despite more set-backs, bad publicity and rumors than any other group has had to suffer in the history of pop music—the Rolling Stones have bounced back. And how!

Not only that but they've come crashing back with twice as much energy and outrage than ever before!

Their single—*Jumpin Jack Flash*— a piece of hard biting simple aggressiveness, leaped into the British top ten only three days after its release, thereby confounding critics who suggested that their days were numbered. Then it went on to crash the American charts!

Admittedly the Rolling Stones went through a bad period. This was at the end of last year when their popularity, career and personal lives seemed to tumble around them.

Their mistake, they found, at least where their career was concerned, was in trying to bridge the gap. To bridge the gap as the Beatles had done between being essentially a pop group to becoming a social force.

They left their young hip manager—Andrew Oldham—who had steered them through three years hard work and image building to becoming the pop force they were. They wanted to go out on a limb and produce an album to equal *Sgt. Pepper.*

It was called *Their Satanic Majesties Present* and turned out to be a long long way from the great raving days of *Gonna Get A Witness.* It was all their own work. Written, produced, designed by them. It turned out to be something of a disaster. Not because of its musical content **(Please turn to page 59)**

A TL SCOOPADOO!

HERMAN by HERMAN

In his own monthly column, our Herman spills the beans about his wild, wild life! Ha!

ONE or two of us are getting worried. It's not that we don't appreciate everything the record companies do to sell our records. We're very grateful.

The pluggers, the men who run around the countryside with their cars packed with discs, off-loading them at shops, the guys in the shops who put our pictures in their windows—even though they may hate us! All doing a job. Thanks, fellas!

But now . . . !

What's got us worried is this latest stunt someone's come up with. (Well, they came up with it some time ago; seem to have gone down with it; and are now surfacing again.)

The idea is to sell movies that people can run in their own homes, and actually SEE and hear us singing the stuff. Think of it! No longer can we rely on people just putting on a record, leaning back and letting the music flow over them, if they wish. Or dancing to a tune and beat they like—if the disc warrants it.

No longer can we trust people just to be content to gaze at a still photo, glossy pin-up on the wall. No!

NOW they're actually going to SEE us doing the number. And the thought's somewhat alarming!

I mean—have you ever been in a studio when someone's making a record? No? Well, don't!

What usually happens is they fix the session at some ridiculous hour of the morning, on a day following a concert you've been doing 500 miles away.

"You'll be able," they explain airily, "to drive down overnight."

Five of you, plus road manager, plus instruments, plus amplifiers, plus stage clothes, plus personal luggage, plus a packet of sandwiches. Wedged tight through the night, beating down the motorways to arrive unslept, unfed, unshaved, unif-you-must-know conscious of who we are, where we are, why we are and even if we really are.

The dialogue in the studio goes something like this:

Recording manager: *Hullo, fellas, you're late.*

Us: *Uh?*

Recording manager: *Well, come along then, get set up.*

Rhythm guitar: *Where's the coffee?*

Lead guitar: *Where's my guitar?*

Recording manager: *Come along, don't mess about, we've got to get out of here by 12.*

Lead singer: *What are we singing?*

Drummer: *Do you think I have time for—*

Recording manager: *No! Come along, we haven't got all day.*

Bass guitar: *Anyone got a cigarette?*

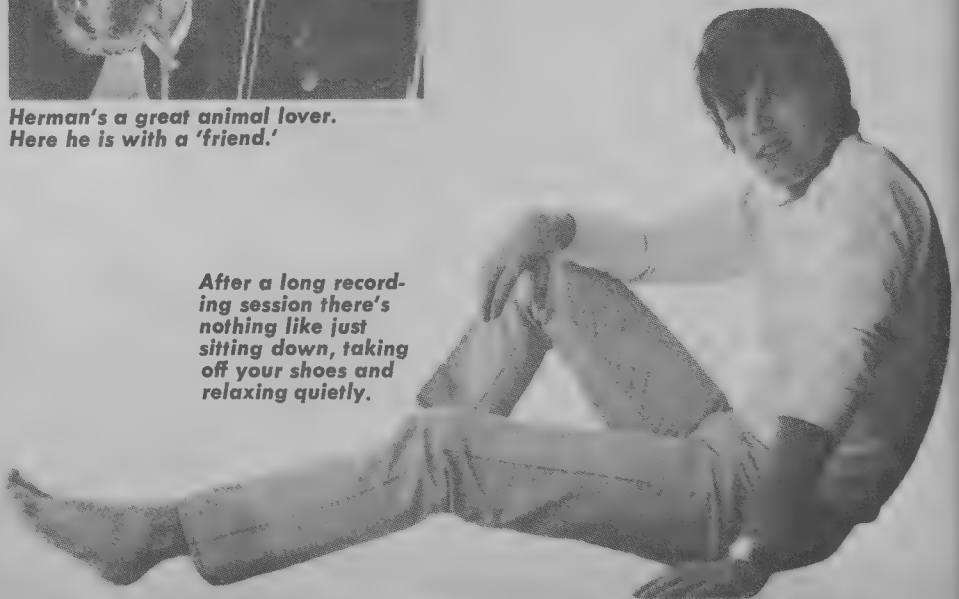
Recording manager: *Just go through it once for level.*

All: *What number are we doing?*

Rhythm guitar: *I think I left my stage shoes in that dressing-room.*

Recording manager: *For heavens sake stop chattering, how can I get a balance. Right! Here we go. Nice and soulful, remember.* **(Please turn to page 52)**

Herman's a great animal lover. Here he is with a 'friend.'



After a long recording session there's nothing like just sitting down, taking off your shoes and relaxing quietly.

BONUS SECTION!

VISIT THE STARS AT HOME!

DAVE CLARK SHOWS YOU AROUND HIS HOUSE!

DINO DANELLI WELCOMES YOU TO HIS PAD!

TOMMY JAMES ASKS YOU OVER TO HIS PLACE!

MIKE & PHYLLIS NESMITH INVITE YOU TO THEIR MANSION!

Just turn the page for the inside scoop!

WELCOME TO MY

Dino's pad is a dream come true for the quiet, art-loving drummer of the fabulous Rascals.

YOU are entering an artist's studio in New York. A studio on two levels, because the entrance and back bedroom are on the top floor, with a winding staircase leading down to work and living space. And a studio, in another sense, on another level.

Because a famous member of a *very* famous group — the Rascals — lives there. Dino Danelli, the artist and the

PAD says DINO DANELLI

Dino in the living room of his duplex apartment in New York.

group member tells all about the place he lives in: "For me, this is my first real home. The first that I've put together since childhood and the first time I ever had anything all my own. It still gases me to look around and realize that I actually live here! I always dreamed about an apartment, something like this, with a garden or terrace and lots of room, but the dream stayed far-off, and it wasn't until pretty recently that I realized I really was living my dream. You know, that I had my own place."

As you look about you from the top-level entry, you are first struck by the wall-to-wall window opposite the entrance door. It's sliding doors face out to Dino's adorable, tree-filled garden, which is also on two levels!

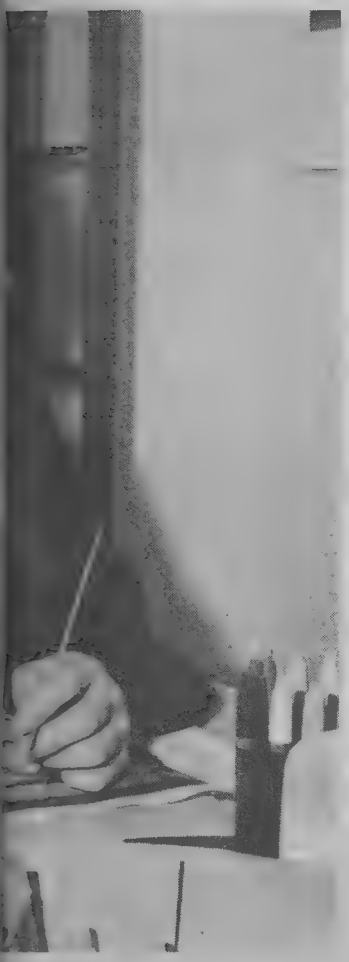
You'll notice Dino's art work immedi- **MORE**

Dino stands by the mantelpiece of his fireplace, left, and looks out to his garden. Below, above his head, guests admire lovely 'box objects' which adorn the wall in his 2-story room.

Dino likes to water the plants in his garden, left. Below, he pauses on its brick steps.

Dino, on his level as artist, works in a studio off his kitchen, left. Above, drawing and painting are great pastimes.

At the end of a quiet day, Dino sits on his winding staircase and plays his guitar.



DINO DANELLI

CONTINUED

ately. One of the stand-out features of his comfortable living room is the wood-sculpture collages positioned above the couch. Dino did these, and one of them is easily recognized as the art-work on the cover of the Rascal's newest album.

Dino tells us, "I started doing these objects really small—about 4 inches big —but slowly started making them bigger and bigger until now I want to work on one that'll be about six feet long. I don't know how I ever arrived at this particular medium or the materials, it just happened one day.

"Eventually," Dino continues seriously, "I'd like to combine the art and the music in some way. I have very little time now for the art so I can't begin to find time to work on ideas for this marriage of art and music. But the idea is something I'll definitely work on."

Dino loves entertaining and in summer especially likes to open the double doors in his 'window wall' so that guests can wander out to the cool night air. Being the thoughtful person he is, he would be sure to make you feel at-home and comfortable, provide snacks and soft or dancing music for your pleasure. He enjoys making sure everyone gets into 'doing their thing' at his home. And if you comment about his furniture, Dino will gladly tell you the story of how he came to own the beautiful old, marble-topped pieces in his living room.

"A friend of mine told me about these furniture stores — actually they're antique stores that have furniture. It seems that the store owners pile their furniture out on the street to attract attention and to make room inside their stores. Well, they're always very reluctant to do all the work involved with taking the furniture in at night. So if you go there at, say, ten minutes before closing with a large station wagon and tell them you'll pay such-and-such below his asking price for a piece and that you'll take it right off his hands, he'll accept the price because of sheer laziness!" Dino chuckles at the memory of his own wheeling and dealing. And the furniture *is* handsome.

But the topic of conversation that really fascinates Dino is art. For example, he believes that today's art training is inadequate, even wrong. He says, "Most art teachers are concerned with the basics of what they call technique. To me, art is more thought than expression. If you want to express, use your face! Rather than teaching drafting to teens, I wish art teachers would let the kids do what they want. Kids can do really groovy things, and they aren't concerned with two centuries ago — they're concerned about now and the future. Atoms, science, medical or biological things — things that all are from this time, are really fascinating objects of art, if only you realize it. An Engineer's book has beautiful things to explore, if *you* think so."

Dino continues about the second passion in his life (the first being music, although they seem to be neck and neck now!) when he answers a question about how one explores the world of art without formal training.

"It takes ***(Please turn to page 52)***

VISIT the STARS at HOME

TOMMY JAMES ASKS:

WANNA COME OVER TO MY PLACE?

Out on one of the two terraces, Tommy, below, soaks in the view. Right, Tommy relaxes quietly in his living room.

But, to drop in, you'll have to go up—eighteen floors to the top. For Tommy James has a place in the sky—his gorgeous penthouse!

You are going up, up up for what seems like years. Finally, the elevator eases to a stop on the top floor—the last and the eighteenth floor of a modern Manhattan luxury building.

Tommy James has asked you to come over. And of course you said yes! When he answers the door, all you can see is Tommy, tall, soft-spoken and much better looking than his photos—as gorgeous as he looks in those!

When Tommy shows you around, you see what a natural homebody he is. For Tommy is re-decorating his apartment.

New wallpaper in the giant living room, new rugs in each of the two bedrooms and special equipment for Tommy's den create an atmosphere of brand-new-ness.

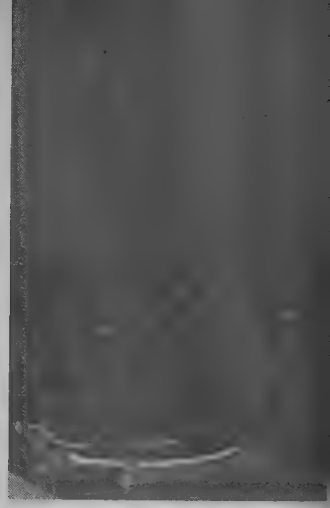
Tommy prefers his own style, a comfortable modern look for his apartment, rather than having a decorator come in and do it all for him. "It wouldn't look like my place then, would it?" he asks.

And you agree. Different 'Tommy-touches' are apparent. A large, very real-looking plastic mini tree is "planted' next to the living room couch, for instance. And nobody else would know how to handle his sound equipment! Tape machines, speakers, special amps and guitars take up one wall in his den. For them, Tommy built in lots of wood shelves along the wall, which looks interesting.

Tommy goes out on the terrace for a relaxing view of the city. You go with him and look at the vast beauty below. And you know why he chose a home in the sky.

At the Cloisters, the Shondells and Tommy grab some sun, above. Left, Tommy's proud of his tape equipment, so he wants you to hear those sounds.

VISIT the STARS at HOME



DAVE CLARK:

C'MON TO MY HOUSE

Dave's super luxurious pad is just the right setting for a super guy!

The crest at his bed's head says, "By Appointment." And Dave 'appointed' his bedroom with his own designs!

By his sound system, left, in his library, below, or mixing a drink, right, Dave enjoys all the comforts.

When Dave Clark says, "C'mon to my house!" he is probably speaking about his large, modern penthouse apartment in the Park Lane section of London.

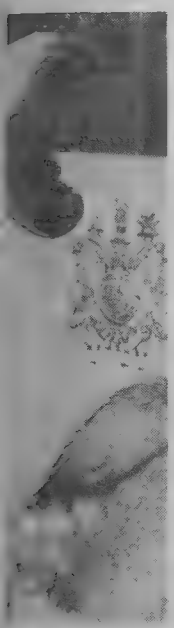
Dave also owns a country home far from the hustle and bustle of London, but most nights find Dave still in the city, so he relaxes and sleeps in his apartment.

Dave, who once was a professional draftsman and designer, enjoyed designing his luxurious home. From the rug-covered super-king-sized bed to the kitchen, Dave was sure to provide the latest word in comfort.

Take his living room, for instance. There, a colossal sound system (with tape, record and television sets custom-fitted and designed by Dave), is installed at one end of the large room. Plenty of room for comfort is provided with deep couches and chairs. In another corner Dave provides guests with refreshments from a small bar near the kitchen.

But it is in Dave's library that he relaxes best. Walls lined with books add to the sense of quiet that pervades this wood-paneled room. Nowadays Dave spends very little time in this sanctum. He's busy filming his own half-hour television series most days—and many nights!

But when he can, he heads for his penthouse in the sky. The only hitch to privacy is that friends and family keep dropping in, making sure he has company. Now he's thinking of having a lock installed in the library door!



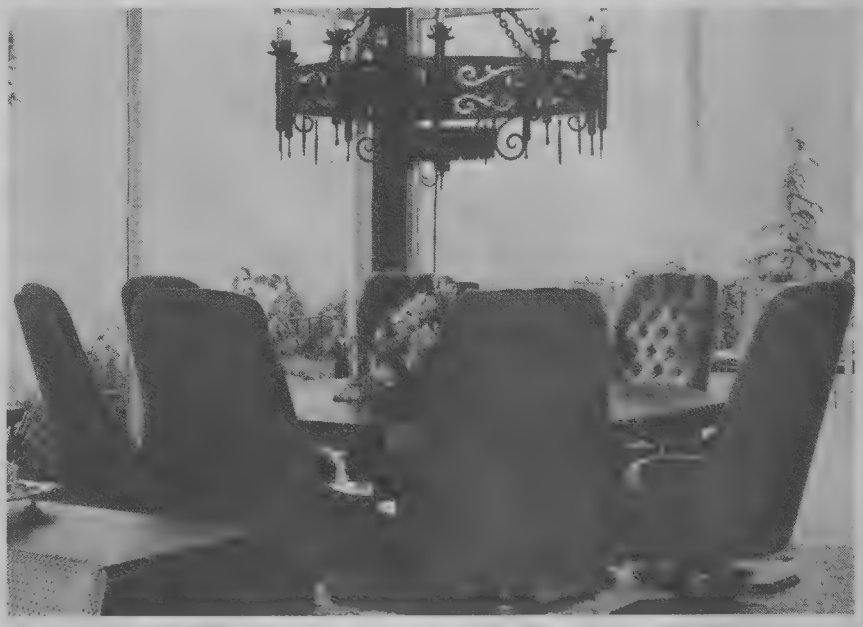
Japanese war lord? No, it's Dave in his fave terry robe shaving, left, and below, enjoying tea in his kitchen.

VISIT the STARS at HOME

MIKE & PHYLLIS NESMITH:

COME VISIT OUR MANSION

1. Phyllis sits on the couch flanking the inside pool.
2. Mike loves to spend hours at his specially-built organ.
3. At his sound system, he helps guests to a musical treat.
4. Mixed Spanish and modern decor mark the dining area.



High, high in the California hills, the Mike Nesmiths invite you to visit with them at their mansion. It's a happy home, as you will see.

"Come on in!" is the simple greeting Mike Nesmith is likely to call to you as you approach the door to his sumptuous modern home. He and Phyllis believe in the friendly wide-open variety of Texas hospitality which they both knew from childhood. And they love to practice it when guests drop by to visit.

Recently, Mike completed work on *The Wichita Train Whistle Sings,* his personally written-and-produced record album. Mike did much of the think-work for his masterpiece right at home, near his sound equipment and specially-built electric organ. The record cost a total of $100,000 of Mike's own money

Naturally, he wanted to celebrate its coming out! The party the Nesmiths threw for the event will be remembered by their friends for a long time to come. Lights were festooned by the pool, and reflected softly in its waters. Mike and Phyllis were aglow with pride and happiness. And, naturally, everyone had a ball!

Now that filming of the Monkees' first feature movie is completed, Mike and Phyllis and the guys often get together at Mike's house. His home's pleasant atmosphere "helps us think," they say. About the Monkees' future?

Dack admits that he's had to pay a high price for success. "But," he says, "if you want something badly enough you are willing to sacrifice a few things for it." Friends claim that ambition has changed him, and Dack confesses that stardom has left him lonely. And that's...

DACK RAMBO'S BIG HANG-UP

THE light of early morning filtered through the curtain and gradually awakened the figure on the bed. He pulled the covers over his head and tried to ignore the fact that day had come, but the noises of people stirring in other parts of the house prevented any further hope of sleep.

He pulled the corner of the blankets away from his eyes and squinted as he tried to read the face of his watch. "Nobody in his right mind gets up this early," he moaned.

The aroma of fresh coffee and bacon drifted into the room from the kitchen and as he lay there lazily, eyes shut, idly enjoying the aromas of a ranch-house morning, a realization suddenly hit him.

"I'm home!" he rejoiced silently, and threw back the covers of the bed. Moments later he was dressed in his faded blue jeans and the tattered shirt he loved to wear for work. Boots in hand, he strode into the kitchen to join the

(Please turn to page 56)

The
ZANY
WORLD of
BOYCE &
HART!
Zany and wonderful! These
two guys have enough fun
for twenty people!

Eating time is fun 'n' games with Tommy right, and Bobby.

A luncheon with Boyce and Hart is an experience unique!

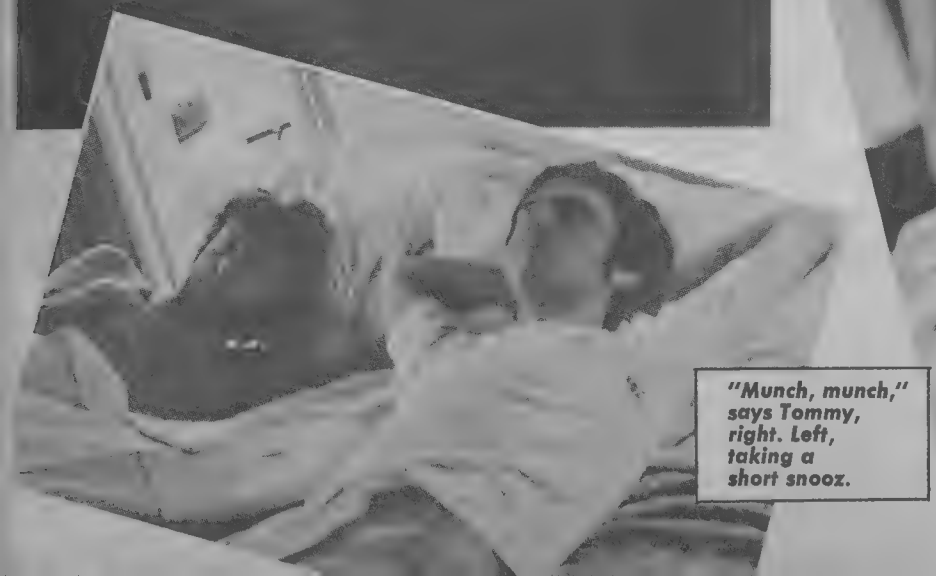
At their invitation, I joined them over sandwiches one hot summer's afternoon in Los Angeles. At first meeting, the two handsome musicians give the distinct impression that they are indeed colorful, zany characters. Both were dressed in the popular Maharishi coats. Beads hung about their necks. Mischievious grins flashed across both faces throughout the entire luncheon.

And those mischievious grins frequently broke into casual, easy laughter. Just another clue to how much these two young men really dig life.

Their conversation, however, was proof positive that they are very involved with the world of the young that they so depend upon—and they believe very strongly in the promise of that world.

"OK," I *(Please turn to page 53)*

Tommy holds the world's record strawberry before it disappears into his mouth!



"Munch, munch," says Tommy, right. Left, taking a short snooz.

HOTLINE from LONDON

All the latest on the British pop scene from TL's TRUDY MORE.

PETE TOWNSHEND, highly verbose and intelligent leader of THE WHO, has married his girlfriend of four years—KAREN ASTLEY.

The couple, who first met when KAREN was blonde and training to be a dress designer, married in London only a few weeks after the announcement that drummer KEITH MOON had been secretly married for three years and had a baby!

KAREN, now dark haired but as tall and lovely as ever, has been PETE's steadying influence ever since they first met. PETE recently made a will naming KAREN as chief beneficiary.

At the ceremony KAREN wore a lovely old fashioned white frilled long dress and PETE looked very odd in a suit with a rather large bow tie!

Pete Townshend of The Who wed his girlfriend, Karen Astley.

Sad news for the thousands of *Speakeasy* fans is that the club, which recently suffered a very bad fire, may not open it's doors again.

The Speakeasy—the very bastion of London club life—has been host to some of the greatest names in show biz. NANCY WILSON, TERRY STAMP, DIANA ROSS and THE SUPREMES, THE WHO, BEATLES and STONES have all been regular Speakeasy club patrons.

The fire, which started through a carelessly dropped cigarette, caused over $55,000 worth of damage. It was discovered early on a Sunday morning by the cleaner—that night they were expecting a live stage appearance by IKE and TINA TURNER.

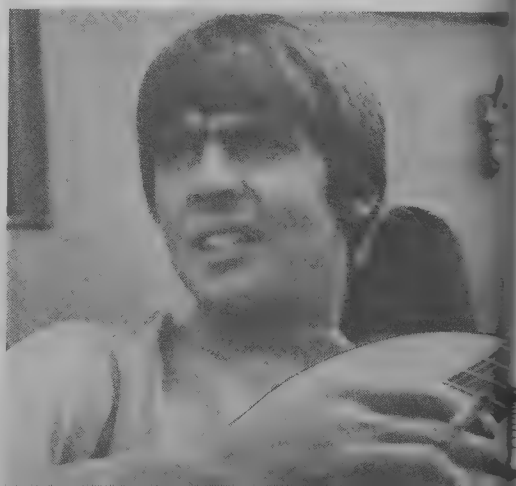
The group was transferred to another London club—*Blaises* and the speakeasy staff and policy transferred at the same time. And that's the way it looks like staying. Sad news indeed.

Our *Royal Albert Hall* has recently been the scene of some top class concerts. BILL HALEY, riding on a fantastic new wave of popularity here, started the ball rolling with a terrifying show. I say terrifying because of the audience, not MR. HALEY and the COMETS, who came up with their usual brand of hard rock.

The audience was almost completely made up of devotees of rock 'n' roll music. Which here means the equivalent of your HELL'S ANGELS—leather jackets, motor bikes, the works. They danced in the aisles, ripped up the seats and generally caused chaos. But they enjoyed themselves and made BILL HALEY a very grateful man.

LOU RAWLS concert was very sophisticated and subdued by comparison. Not many people are too familiar with LOU's work, but a heavy contingent of ardent fans, who are only too

Davy Jones sneaked into London when no one was looking!



Mick Jagger will definitely make his acting debut in a film called The Performers.

Stevie Winwood of The Traffic, left, is growing his hair very long these days and is beginning to look very much like Beatle John Lennon, above.

The Everly Brothers got a great reception from English fans.

ready to believe that Lou Rawls will be the next FRANK SINATRA, installed themselves to make a lot of appreciative noise.

ANDY WILLIAMS and the HENRY MANCINI orchestra did what was probably the most successful series of concerts we'll see. Three consecutive nights at the 7,000 strong hall were completely sold out before the opening night!

MICK JAGGER is definitely making his first solo film effort—in a film called *The Performers* with ace young actor and STONES' friend JAMES FOX.

MICK's part will be close to home—that of a young musician at odds with the world, and the film's production starts around this summer in London.

News of the long awaited, on/off ROLLING STONES film, is as yet NIL. Rumors remain as unconfirmed as ever that the group will actually make a film together and the way the group is, outside of recording, splitting up to go their own ways looks unlikely to happen now.

EVERLY BROTHERS scored a big hit with a lightening visit to London. Old fans were stunned to see that their foremost idols hadn't seem to age a bit in six years. In fact, if anything, DON and PHIL looked younger and better looking than before!

Angry mothers verbally attacked the HQ of the MONKEES in London. The reason for all the chaos was the rumored visit here by DAVY JONES.

Fans were told to expect him one Saturday and they patiently installed themselves at London Airport with banners and screams ready. They waited . . . and waited . . . and waited . . . no DAVY JONES. Some stayed the whole weekend despite official pleas to leave and let normal passengers get about their business. ***(Please turn to page 54)***

Singer Lou Rawls was cheered long and loud at his successful concert in London.

Ringo and Maureen took a trip to France for a film festival.

"Step Inside Love by Cilla Black is great!" says Trudy. Paul McCartney wrote the lovely song.

Ronny Howard:

Above: Ronny as he looked five years ago with his "dad" Andy. Right: As he looks today

As Opie, Ronny has become one of TV's most famous young actors. Want to know what he's really like? Well, according to friends he's

Ronny was eight when this very cute photo was taken.

just like the boy next door

I suppose like most kids you think that teenage actors are all pretty stuck-up. That they get a lot of privileges most of the rest of us don't get . . . things like getting to ride to school in chauffeur-driven cars and all.

I guess some of them are like that. Success spoils a lot of folks in every walk of life, though. Then there's this kid, Ronny Howard, who lives in Studio City, California.

He's one of those teenage actors — the one who's played Opie on The Andy Griffith Show for a long, long time. But, in spite of all his fame, he's sort of an average kid like you and me. Just like the boy next door.

He's fourteen years old, has a lot of bright red hair on his head, and wears dark horn-rimmed glasses. And hey, he's very friendly and down to earth.

Like most fourteen year old boys he goes to school, loves basketball and baseball and leads a pretty busy life.

He took a girl out on a date a few weeks ago. It was his first date. They went to Disneyland on his birthday and they had a ball! Just ask him. If you do, he'll blush a bright red and look down shyly at his hands!

And he'll probably forget to tell you that he's called that girl a couple of times since because he thinks she's a pretty nice girl.

Not long ago, *(Please turn to page 56)*

Although John looks worried, above, he's very happy about his new business venture. Below, could John Crittle be modeling new head gear?

The Beatles Go FROM RICHES TO RAGS!

In every good story the heroes go from rags to riches. But in the case of the Beatles, it's the other way round!

In the heart of London's trendy King's Road, Chelsea, is a gleaming white new shop front with the sign: APPLE TAILORING (Civil and Theatrical) painted above.

Surprisingly, there's nothing psychedelic or controversial about the shop—but it *does* mark yet another acquisition in the fast booming business world of the Beatles.

Having crashed into music publishing, films,

John, wearing a fur jacket and one-piece suit, makes like a model!

Left: George wears a zingy outfit from the shop. Above, John poses with John Crittle and, below, George and Patti pictured at the new Apple opening.

electronics, television production and record production, the Beatles have now decided to pour their riches into the rag trade. And they've gone into the "high class ladies' and gents' outfitters" business!

Said George: "I'm not quite sure how we came to be involved in all this, but I think it's a great idea. As far as I remember, we just bought a few clothes from the guy who's running it . . . and the next thing I knew, we owned the place!

"The bloke who designed all the clothes is a young guy called John Crittle, but he's not an amateur or anything like that," George emphasized. "I gather he was already well-established before we met him."

Admitted George, frankly: "Our Apple firm is dedicated to making money. We feel that by making money and being successful in business, we will have the power to help other people. There are so many songwriters and inventors around who spend half their time bashing their heads against a brick wall—as we did for a long time—and we want to try and give them a chance."

George also revealed that they will promote a Greek inventor! "One of the things he's come up with is a transistor radio that will sell for about $1.50! But that's just for a giggle. Just wait till he comes up with the big stuff . . ."

UNION GAP

teen Life

Look Maw!

WE'RE ON A SPANG-DING SPREE!

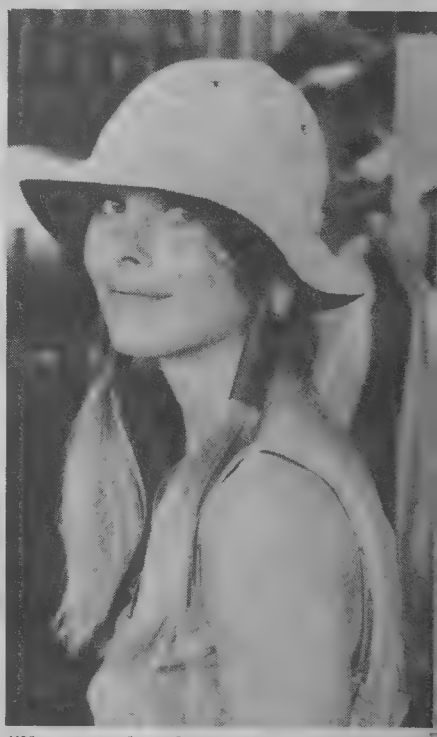
Which, you'll agree, is the kind of fun you need money for! Spending it on a whirlwind trip around Los Angeles' off-beat shops are the MAMAS & PAPAS. And they ain't-a-just California Dreamin'!

Well, what do you know? the perfect pair of sunglasses, so Cass & Michelle both want them!

"Which one do you like?" asks Denny. A cool cap is just what he wants for open sports-car driving.

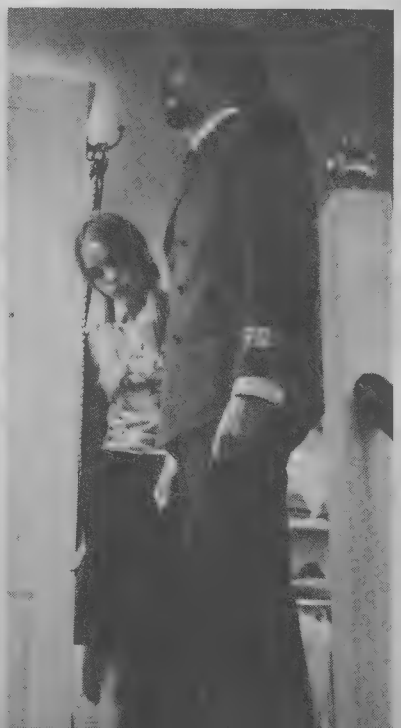
"But I can't see out of them," is what Michelle, left, wanted to say. She bought them anyway! Below, Cass, in curlers, orders a pair of handmade sandals in a nearby wee leather shop.

John and Michelle, left, contemplate one of John's worst problems—one foot is larger than the other! Above, when Cass wants help, Michelle is glad to lend a hand.



"Hmmm, what do you think?" John murmurs to Michelle, left. Above, Michelle finally found the hat she was looking for. Isn't it great?

"Does it work? Do they see us?" John & Michelle go outside to try sunglasses guaranteed to hide your identity. And no-one saw them!



CALIFORNIA CALLING...

Keep up with what's happenin' in the West with our gal, Jennifer Starkey.

Peter Tork's new mansion boasts a 9-foot bathtub & fireplaces.

What a beautiful month this has been! The annual Renaissance PLEASURE FAIRE was held in pageant, pomp and splendor at the Paramount Ranch in Agoura, and, unlike last year, everything went off smoothly for the three weekends of the FAIRE. The PLEASURE FAIRE is a re-creation of the English fairs of the Renaissance period, including art stalls and merchants hawking their wares, candlemakers, jewelery makers, potters, sorceresses, pipers, et cetera, and everyone is invited to come in costume. At least half the crowd honoured the invitation, and people were treated to the sight of knights, pages, ladies and lords, yoemen, gypsies, monks, wizards, serfs, and representations of almost all classifications of Renaissance British society. The entire Faire was held in the country, back in the hills, so the modern world was forgotten, and the atmosphere was as real as possible.

The whole effect was beautiful, and educational. Many English classes from various school levels attended to soak up the effect of seeing Shakespearian plays presented in their natural surroundings. Adults were as pleased by the event as were their children, and the turnout of people between the ages of ten and twenty-five was incredible. Hope next year's Faire is as good.

One of the bagpipers marching in kilts was LOCHLAN MacDONALD, who used to play the pipes with the DAILY FLASH. Now, it seems KALEIDOSCOPE (not to be confused with the club of the same name), have asked him to join them. The sounds to come out of such a pact should be nothing short of unbelievable.

Ah yes! Everyone from A to Z has been in town lately, and it seemed they were all on hand when ERIC BURDON and the ANIMALS did a one-nighter at the Whiskey-A-Gogo. **Eric introduced old friend ZOOT MONEY to the United States. ZOOT**

The Troggs had a hit at L.A.'s Kaleidoscope club. Fans loved 'em.

Our Jennifer says that Steppenwolf are going to be a monster group. But really monster!

Left, Tim Buckley, whose stint at the Troubador set audiences sighing. The Brotherhood, above, formally signed a recording contract.

is currently touring with the Animals, and the six of them together put on one of the zaniest shows imaginable. They did one set, which lasted an hour and a half, and which included an incredibly funny version of the BEE GEES' song To Love Somebody, **done as a duet between Eric and Zoot. Another highlight of the show was** Sky Pilot, **the Animals' new single, which in its entirety runs over seven minutes. During the song, a movie was shown behind the group, and in the opinion of several people this flick should get a new Academy Award for "Best Motion Picture Adapted To A Song." Anyway, the whole night was pretty heavy. Zoot Money did a solo called** Gemini, **which about sums him and fellow zodiacal partners up. (Myself included.)**

Funny thing though. This is the third song about that subject in the last few months. DEL SHANNON came out with one by the same title on his album **The Further Adventures Of Charles Westover,** and the MAMAS and PAPAS have one called **Gemini Child** on their new album, which, according to friends, is a representation of MICHELLE PHILLIPS.

Also according to rumor, DENNY DOHERTY may split from that group to do a single.

Well, that's not unusual. The break ups and break up rumors have been deluging this city during the last couple of weeks. Here's a rundown:

Rumor: GRACE SLICK wants out of the JEFFERSON AIRPLANE and is negotiating contracts as a single artist with a record company. This is unconfirmed.

Rumor: **CHAD and JEREMY are back together again because Chad's group, the CRUMBS, has broken up. In fact, The CRUMBS are now the PILLORY, after Chad left them, and have been signed to do some episodes of** Peyton Place. **Jeremy is back in town briefly, but intends to continue as an actor and plans to return to London shortly.**

Rumor: STEVIE WINWOOD has left TRAFFIC. Very speculative.

Rumor: BLOOD SWEAT, AND TEARS are breaking up. At this time leader AL COOPER has just left for other activities. The group has asked STEPHEN STILLS, late of the BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD to join, but he hasn't yet made up his mind.

Rumor: **MOBY GRAPE and the ELECTRIC FLAG are breaking up because Grape bass guitarist BOB MOSLEY and FLAG drummer BUDDY MILES are joining Stephen Stills and Stevie Winwood to form a super heavy group. Could be, if they can get through the legal red tape before they all starve to death. They are certainly thinking about it. However, whether or not their success will mean the other groups break up, only time will tell. Another speculation is that Stephen, AL COOPER, HARVEY MENDEL (the Flag's bass guitarist), and drummer EDDIE HOH, will get together. They all bipped into the Whiskey together a few nights ago, causing more than a few heads to turn.**

Oh well. In the words of ROGER McGUINN "I trust that everything will work out all right."

(Please turn to page 55)

Walter Koenig, fave Star Trek-er, M C'd nervously!

GARY'S SECRET DIARY

by Pvt. 1st. Class
GARY LEWIS

Writing to you for the last time—for now—Gary tells about his adventures looking for an apartment for his family in South Korea.

SEOUL, KOREA—Well, here we are home. It took a little while and a lot of doing, but my little family is back together again in the second home Jinky and I have known since we've been married. And boy, is it different! Is this ever a different world from what we knew at Ford Ord — or from what I've ever known.

As soon as I arrived here I was told that I could expect to be stationed here for a little while at least and all the married GIs were told that they could bring their families over. Well, you know how I feel about family closeness and all that, so it didn't take me but until my first evening pass to go into town and begin looking around for a place to live. It took me weeks — and frankly I came back to the barracks very discouraged many an evening. This city is so crowded that there isn't much choice, especially in finding decent

As a new father, Gary takes many long and loving looks at Sara Jane. Now, he's with her in S. Korea.

accomodations. But finally I found a nice apartment—which even has a flush toilet, a rare item, I have discovered, in this part of the world. It's funny how many things we Americans take for granted that in other countries are rarities or extreme luxuries.

You should have heard Jinky when I called her in Manila and told her to hop the next plane and come over. She actually screamed — and sure enough she left the very next day. She had been in Manila for three weeks, going there to be with her folks until we found out if she could join me. But in all that time she hadn't unpacked any of her or the kids' stuff. They actually lived out of their suitcases. She kept telling me in her letters and whenever we could talk on the phone that she knew in her heart it would only be a little while and she didn't want to waste any time having to pack, so she was always ready to pick up and go. Oh, sure, she enjoyed spending all that time back in her old home. It was such fun showing off our beautiful daughter to all of her large family and all her old friends. But she couldn't wait *(Please turn to page 61)*

Gary, Jinky and John posed for this snap just before little Sara was born.

A beautiful family portrait that Gary has taken with him to his assignment shows Gary, Jinky and Sara.

TEENS TAKE OVER

This is truly YOUR page! YOUR chance to be a reporter, poet or artist! So fill it with YOUR own stories, interviews and art work!

THE ASSOCIATION AND THE YARDBIRDS

FOUR thousand people young and old crowded into the Curry Hicks Cage to see and hear the Association and The Yardbirds in concert. The Yardbirds started the concert by putting the western Massachusetts audience in a trance with the clothes they were wearing. The Association featured a maze of various instruments, showing their versatility by rotating the instruments. Although the groups in general did not favor the conservative East coast audience, they felt that the audience was one of the best.

By Joyce Pronovost, Holyoke, Mass.

The Yardbirds, left, and Association, below, loved their audience in Massachusetts.

An Example To Follow

Standing there all alone,
One small, delicate flower.
Soaking in the sun,
Loving the feeling.

People are staring at its beauty,
What is a flowers' duty?
To let them look?
To add some peace to the world?

They haven't any care,
They only want to stand and live.
They tilt a bit and seem to sigh,
Bending as they watch the world go by.

Lazy looking and smooth as silk,
Such a pity when they begin to wilt,
Especially when they're a symbol of peace.

By Michelle Heymann, Bronx, N.Y.

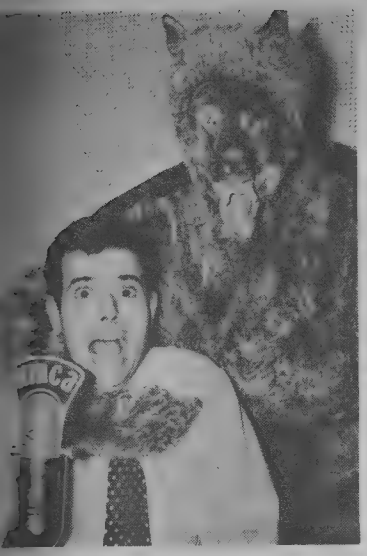
THE STUMPS

Welcome to the Stumps world! These guys are great. Everyone around our area digs their sound. The boys are all from Kettering, Ohio, (a suburb of Dayton, Ohio) and their names are, Mark Fraze, 19, Dave Bohn, 18, Jim T. Monesmitz, 21, and Tom Davis, 19. Mark, Tom and Dave are college students; Jim is out of school.

The Stumps did two American tours, one with the Five Americans and one with the Buffalo Springfield. In the early part of October they made a recording called Think of the Goodtimes, **which was probably released sometime last November.**

The Stumps have a national fan club. If you'd like to join just write to me: STUMPS NATIONAL FAN CLUB, c/o Charlotte Wehner, 221 Gordon St., Piqua, Ohio 45356.

By Charlotte Wehner, Piqua, Ohio



GARY'S SWINGIN' SCENE!

Gary Stevens takes time out to write for you—with help from the Wooleyburger.

Hello on all my Good Guys! And how has it been by you this month?

Say, did you happen to catch the wild cover of **Esquire** magazine that featured TINY TIM, MICHAEL POLLARD and ARLO GUTHRIE? Originally, it seems the magazine photographer wanted to have the DOORS' JIM MORRISON grace the page, but it happened that Jim just cut off all his hair! Arlo, of **Alice's Restaurant** songfame, took his place.

The McCOYS new album came as a surprise to me. Last I remembered, their hit Hang On Sloopy **was their sound. But have they changed!**

SPANKY McFARLANE of OUR GANG fame was the special guest at the Illinois State Fair, where they had a special 'Spanky Day' in her honor. Said she was "thrilled" about it. Don't blame her!

ANDY KIM, the young Montreal, Canada-born singer, is preparing a major invasion of the States, now that his hit, **How'd We Ever Get This Way** makes him a guy that everyone wants to meet.

MIKE McGEAR and ANGELA FISHWICK were wed in a quiet country church with PAUL McCARTNEY acting as best man. Angela was a hair stylist who met Mike in their native Liverpool. She carried a bouquet of orchids and a cute, stuffed piglet for the ceremony. Mike explained, "the piglet? Angela made this. It's our best friend." At least the beastie kept quiet during the nuptials!

I enjoyed meeting up with two of my personal faves. And the Wooleyburger enjoyed it even more, if that's possible! TOM JONES dropped by for a chat, and wanted a Good Guys sweatshirt so much that I let him have my own personal one. Not without a fight of course!

After Tom came by, SONNY of S & CHER bliss stopped in for a chat. One of my favorite people, Sonny doesn't get much chance to do this very often, 'cause of his heavy movie schedule out in California.

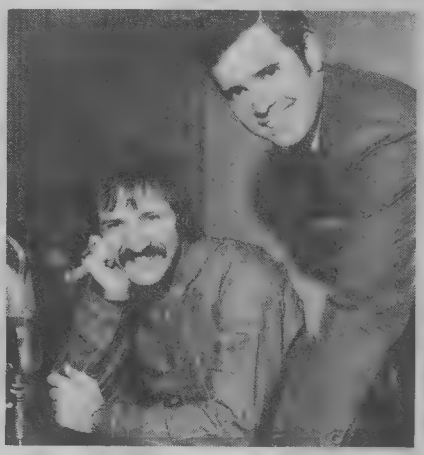
Say, hear the latest on the COWSILLS home front? KAREN, BILL COWSILL'S lovely bride, may join the group! They don't leave anyone out of their on-stage fun!

Folks who dig the sounds out of the NITTY GRITTY DIRT BAND will dig their movie. Called Paint Your Wagon, **the Band will do most of the music and appear with LEE MARVIN and other stars. The movie's due to be released next year.**

News from TROGGS-town says that the four guys will hit the West coast just about the time you're reading this. Look out for them!

Zany TURTLE MARK—VOLMAN that is—got this crazy idea in his head. When the guys were in the New York area this summer, Mark picked up on a genuine, real-live Zeppelin. He says, "It's the best way to fly."

Well, my little culture lovers, that's all for now. It was great fun, the Wooleyburger and I agree.



Mike McGear, Paul's brother, wed Angela in a quiet country church. Jane & Paul were there.

Gary and Sonny, above talked in New York. Below, British fave Tom Jones tugged at a sweatshirt!

SOUNDSATIONAL SCENE

SPOTLIGHTING TODAY'S HAPPENING PEOPLE

VANILLA FUDGE

Four 'sweet' guys from New York make up the ingredients for the Vanilla Fudge. They are: Carmine Appice (drums), Tim Bogert (bass guitar), Vince Martell (lead guitar) and Mark Stein (organ and lead vocals). The boys term their special type of music: "psychedelic-symphonic rock." Their first big hit was You Keep Me Hanging On **on Atco.**

SCOTT WALKER

Scott Walker was the lead singer with the now disbanded Walker Brothers and is now making a big name for himself in England as a soloist. Born in California 24 years ago, he has now made his home on the other side of the Atlantic and plans to stay there. But he is coming over for concerts and television, so watch out for him!

JOHNNY BARBATA

If you think this guy's face is very familiar, there's a good reason. You've probably seen photos of him many times before. Where? Among the famous Turtles! Johnny's their talented drummer and such a groovy person that we decided to bring him out from behind his kit and introduce him to you properly. Before joining the Turtles two years ago Johnny was a very successful freelance drummer. His ambition is to play as well as Buddy Rich.

OCTOBER COUNTRY

Lead singer Caryle De Franca and her guitarist brother Joe studied music at church youth centers. When they moved with their family to California three years ago they formed a group with Marty Earle, Bruce Wayne, Bob Wian and drummer Eddie Beram. They got their name from their first hit, October Country, **recorded on the Epic label.**

MAIN ATTRACTION

Jeanne Salo's mother didn't want her to get into the music business, but it was inevitable that she would. With five years of classical accordian training, three years of guitar skills and a natural song-writing ability, Jeanne entered "the biz" with her brother Gene, Ron Trale and Gene Bussotti just over a year ago. They now record on the Tower label and play all over the country.

CHERRY PEOPLE

Two years ago these four handsome guys were working away in Washington D.C. clubs happily enough. Then one day they were discovered and soon recorded an album and single record for Heritage Records. Doug is percussionist, Punky and Chris play guitar, Jan is bassist and Rocky is drummer. They claim that two of them are ex-coal miners, one was once a triangle player and another a treasure hunter. With backgrounds like that, they say pop music playing just came naturally!

MOST HANDSOME DJ IN

VOTE! VOTE! VOTE!

JEFF STARR

Over in Worcester, Mass., listeners to WORC Radio are just wild about their groovy DJ, Jeff Starr. Handsome Jeff takes to the airwaves nitely with his Starr Power Show, and everyone has a ball. Now 23, Jeff was born in Providence, R.I., and has been in radio since he was 18. He says his ambition is to have a no-holds-barred radio or TV discussion show, but in the meantime he digs playing discs for teens. He's "single—but looking!"

ROGER CARTER

Fans of Roger Carter say that he should go into movies. And with his wowee looks you can see why! Rugged Roger is the afternoon man on KSEL Radio, Lubbock, Texas, and listeners in the area just love him! Just 21, he stands 5' 8", has blue eyes and blond hair and has a fanatical love for the great outdoors. Roger says his favorite hobbies are getting a sun-tan, skiing and dating girls. And, of course, playing and listening to records

1st PRIZE: ***An ALL-EXPENSE PAID WEEKEND FOR TWO in swinging LONDON, ENGLAND! The winner will also receive a beautiful GOLD ENGRAVED PLAQUE!***

2nd PRIZE: ***A HANDSOME SILVER ENGRAVED PLAQUE!***

3rd PRIZE: ***A STUNNING BRONZE ENGRAVED PLAQUE!***

4th PRIZE: ***A MAGNIFICENT WALL PLAQUE!***

THE WORLD—1968 GRAND FINALS

MARV BROOKS

"Marvellous Marv" is the nick-name which listeners to WPGC, Washington, D.C., have given to DJ Marv Brooks. Marv has been spinning discs in the nation's capitol for the past three years and has built up a huge fan following. Born in Detroit, Mich., Marv is 23, is 6′ 4″, has brown hair and blue eyes and is still a bachelor. A drag racing bug, with many trophies to his credit, Marv says he's crazy about all kinds of sports and music.

ROY HENNESSY

Getting up in the morning can be a drag. But not in Vancouver, Canada. All people have to do turn their dials to lively CKLG Radio and listen to Roy Hennessy's entertaining platter chatter on his early morning show. That way they're sure to wake up with a smile. Gorgeous Roy is 6′ tall and has brown hair and brown eyes. He says his favorite pastimes are listening to records, reading and flying. Roy thinks today's teens are "great!"

■ **Yes—the moment has arrived. It's time for YOU to let us know which DJ YOU think should have the title of THE MOST HANDSOME DJ IN THE WORLD—1968! Will it be JEFF STARR? Or ROY HENNESSY? Or MARV BROOKS? Or ROGER CARTER? These are the four gorgeous guys who you voted tops in previous heats, and now they're all together in the Grand Finals, eagerly awaiting YOUR decision. Remember, YOU are the judges in this contest. It's up to YOU to decide the lucky guy who's going to get all the glory, fun and honor! So get out your pen NOW and mark a cross in the box next to the DJ YOU want to win!**

THE RESULTS OF THE GRAND FINALS WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF TEEN LIFE.

MOST HANDSOME DJ IN THE WORLD — 1968
TEEN LIFE, P. O. Box 384
Madison Square Station
New York, N. Y. 10010

NAME: _____ AGE: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

I think the MOST HANDSOME DJ IN THE WORLD — 1968 is:

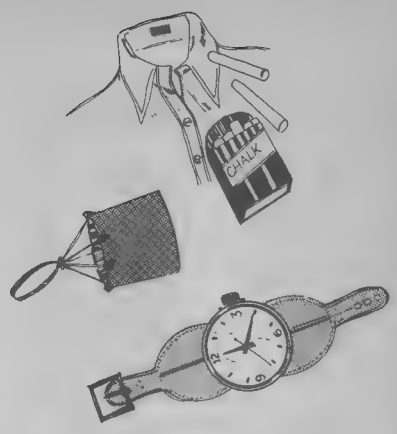
JEFF STARR ☐ MARV BROOKS ☐

ROY HENNESSY ☐ ROGER CARTER ☐

The decision of the judges is final. Contest closes September 15, 1968.
YOUR VOTE IS ONLY VALID WITH THIS COUPON!

YOUR $1.00 BARGAIN DAY VARIETY COUNTER!

$uper-deliciou$ $tuff on everything ranging from your pet $uper$titions to beauty tip$ to handy hou$ehold hint$ to a gala variety of goodie$



by TEEN LIFE READERS

Here'$ a decorating hint for you from BONNIE WA$HINGTON of Milwaukee, Wi$.: Get $ome onion-$kin paper and draw deign on it with felt tipped marker$. When you are done put them on your window. They're really beautiful when the light $hine$ through.

$ $ $

UAN DEMPTON of Luling, La. earn$ $1 for thi$ fa$hion idea:
$ave cut-off lip$tick top$ and also end$ of u$ed-up lip$tick$. Melt them down, u$ing a $mall jar $et in hot water. Mix well, and u$e with lip$tick bru$h. You'll have a new lip$tick color.

$ $ $

DEBBIE ROH of Mobile, Ala. $ent thi$: When you $end $tationary to $omeone, in$tead of ju$t $ending it why don't you put 6¢ stamp$ on the envelope$? Then the per$on won't have to worry about putting $tamps on hi$ letter$.

$ $ $

A helpful beauty hint for you from CINDY WIL$ON of Fullerton, Calif.:
On that all-too-often $hampoo time try making the final two rin$e$ in cold fre$h water. Thi$ will $top the oil gland$ from getting active right away and keep$ hair looking cleaner longer.

$ $ $

Here'$ a quicky recipe from UAN JOHN$ON of Buffalo, New York:
If you're looking for a new kind of de$$ert, did you ever try whipping Jell-o gelatin? It'$ ea$y; ju$t prepare the Jell-o according to the direction$ on the package. When the gelatin i$ thick, pour it into a mixing bowl and whip. Deliciou$!

$ $ $

PATRICIA DONNELLY of We$tfield, N.J., $ent in her pet $uper$tition: It'$ good luck if you put any clothing on in$ide out.

$ $ $

A fa$hion idea come$ from PAULA FLANAGAN of Roaring $pring$, Pa.:
For tho$e girl$ who love poor-boy$ and $hell$, if you have white one$ and want to keep them a pure white, don't wa$h them in bleach. But if you want them a cream or beige color u$e an extra amount of bleach.

$ $ $

Here'$ a hint from VICKY PRITCHARD of Dover, Ark.:
You can make a really groovy pur$e out of a Purex bottle with the top cut off. Get $ome fabric and mea$ure it around the bottle. $ew up the ide and the bottom. At the top make any kind of handle you want.

$ $ $

JACKIE GRIMMER of Ro$elle Park, New Jer$ey ha$ thi$ grooming tip for you: Rub white chalk on white collar$ before putting them in the wa$h. They'll come out cleaner.

$ $ $

A $uper$tition from KATHY BE$ENDORF of Fro$t, Minn.:
To in$ure good luck, alway$ carry a red marble.

$ $ $

Here'$ a new make-up idea from MICA HENDRIX of Imperial, Calif.:
For cool party make-up, hunt up $ome old cold cream type rouge. With a fine bru$h, paint a line of it in the crea$e of your eye-lid. You'll really get a p$ychedelic effect.

DATELINES

by ELE and WALT DULANEY

It is here, in this very spot, where you can rid yourself of **all** your problems, be they on love, "that boy," parents, friends, loneliness . . . everything and anything that troubles you. ELE and WALT DULANEY, young happy-weds with enormous experience working with and for teenagers, want to help you to a more wonderful TEEN LIFE . . .

Q *Dear Ele: I'd like to know what to do when a girl shows you her new dress, then asks you for your opinion and you really don't like it at all. They always say, "Now be honest. Do you really like it?" But if you say what you're thinking, it's a bad scene.—Wayne.*

Dear Wayne: The truth is that once a person has purchased an article of clothing, she, or he, merely wants approval for the choice. Any negative comment destroys the fun of the garment. So, if the sale is already final, seek one feature of the dress you can applaud. Examples: "I like that color!" "The lines are really simple." "Aren't those big buttons fun!"

If you're pushed still further for endorsement, limit yourself to criticism by contrast: "It's a nice dress, but I still like you best in that emerald green dress you wore Saturday night."—ELE.

* * *

Q *Dear Ele and Walt: I live in a nice family. Everyone is very polite to each other. No one ever raises his voice or swears. The house is immaculate and the yard is, too. Our clothes are very good, everyone's hair is clean and combed and the girls never wear too much makeup.*

Outsiders think we're very lucky. But the truth is that everyone in the family is afraid of making relationships with other people. My parents love each other but there is no spark left between them. The kids co-exist. We don't help each other or love each other. I feel like I'm living in an icebox, and I can't figure out why. Can you?—Lynn.

Dear Lynn: The stress in your house seems to be on appearances or worry about what others will think. You could go the dirt route in retaliation, but we doubt if you'd find more reality there. Instead, why not start trying to turn on where you are? Look for ways you can help your brothers and sisters. They may think you're the sucker of the year, but you know better.

Look, too, for means of cracking mom and dad's protective armor. Encourage them to reminisce about their childhood and teen years. Sooner or later you'll find them breathing harder about some memory. Follow up on that lead.

For yourself, reach out in the community. A modern dance class might help crack your cool. Perhaps tutoring elementary school kids could become your alive thing. Life does have a glow and you can find it!—ELE and WALT.

* * *

Q *Dear Ele and Walt: I am a 16-year-old normally attractive girl who has never been on a date before. But I don't care. I would not know what to do or say and it all sounds like an evening of nerves. I'd much rather stay home and read a book or practice my ballet. But here is my problem: I have met a boy at school who is very nice and I like him a lot. I know he likes me because he's been saying nice things about me to his brother who in turn tells my sister and he's walked me between classes which never happened to me before.*

The trouble is that there is this girl-ask-boy dance coming up at school, and I'm afraid David expects me to ask him to go. But I don't want to go. I'm totally terrified of the idea. I don't like the dances they do now and I don't know what else to do. Yet I'm afraid of hurting Dave's feelings. What can I do to keep Dave's friendship but not go to the dance, or to any others that HE may ask ME to?—Jenny.

Dear Jenny: You must be doing something right to have caught Dave's attention. Now just keep on being yourself. If you don't dig dances, let the word drop in your next conversation. He'll know you're not excluding him but, rather, shunning the event.

Substitute some activity you think you could both enjoy such as a concert, horseback riding or seeing a play and let some favorgblé comment on that subject drop in the conversation. Maybe you might even happen to have tickets that the two of you could share. You've got so much going for you now, don't play hermit and spoil it! ELE and WALT. *(turn to page 60)*

DIALING THE DJ's with TJ

Tell it to TJ if you want to brag about your fave DJ.

FAN CLUB MAIL: A young lady from San Bernardino, California, Miss LYN SNAPP wants everyone to know about her absolute top DJ — DANNY DARE of KFXM Radio. Danny was born just twenty-three years ago in San Francisco and received his training at the Don Martin School in Hollywood. Next, he went into radio work for KDES in Palm Springs. The brown-eyed, brown-haired DJ stands 5'8" tall and would like most in the world to be successful and happy. His fave artists are THE BEATLES, FRANK SINATRA and 5th DIMENSION and in the food department he really digs lobster and Veal Scallopini. Danny has a fan club with over 1,000 members, so if you want to join, write to BEV HERRITT, 2230 W. Emerson, San Bernardino, California 92404.

CERTIFIED FAN: To make sure her material reached me, PATRICIA WALL of Hampton, Va., sent me a certified letter. I signed for it and read about her fave DJ, DICK LAMB, heard over WGH in the Norfolk, Virginia, area. A 12-year veteran of radio work, Dick was born in Baltimore, Md., June 27, 1938. Dick previously DJ'd in Baltimore and Washington, D.C. before coming to WGH where he is the station Promotion Director as well as a top DJ. He manages to find time in a busy schedule that includes being a college History major and co-hosting a show called Dicoten-TV, which features teens from local schools, to have fun on the WGH Mirophonies basketball team. To join the Dick Lamb fan club, write to Patricia B. Wall, 1940 Long Green Lane, Hampton, Va., 23363.

ALL NITE GURU: Milwaukee, Wisconsin is home for the All Nite Guru of WRIT Radio — AL SUMMERS — their popular early morning man. 6' tall with brown eyes and hair, Al enjoys a variety of hobbies including dancing, painting, film-making and photography. Since he's done radio work throughout the U.S. and Puerto Rico, as well as modeling, TV and films, Al has traveled extensively. If you want to join the Al Summers fan club, write to Iris Surley, 1009 N. Jackson, Milwaukee, Wis. 53202.

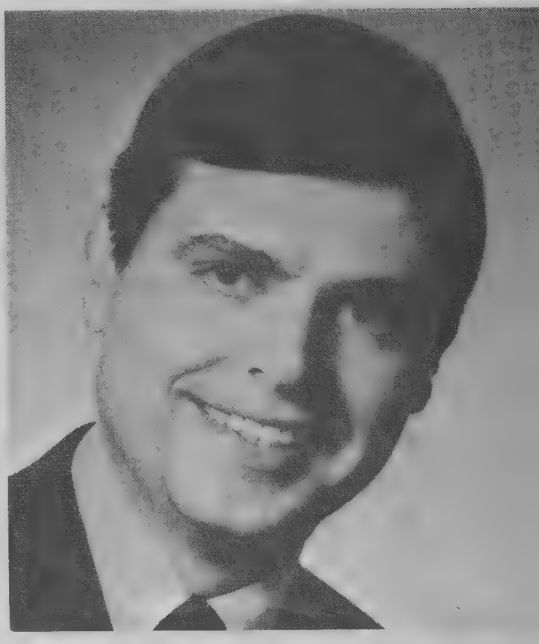
VICTOR, IOWA: In the state with the biggest percentage of retired people in the U.S., ELAINE OTEGHAM wants everyone to know about The Jolly Lean Giant — MIKE WELCH, heard over KCRG Radio in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Mike's a hometown boy and he is on the air from Mondays through Fridays, 6:15 to 10 p.m. He's appeared on the Bandstand Hotline Show, and digs sports such as golf and snow skiing. His fave artists are the STONES, SUPREMES and BEATLES. Catch Mike in person when he appears at hops in the area and around the state. By the way, Mike will be 22 years old August 31st, so why not drop him a note or card at KCRG Radio, Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52404.

Dick Lamb is a fave radio and TV personality in Norfolk, Va.

Mike (Jolly Lean Giant) Welch, left, lights up KCRG Radio in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Above, Super Lou beams over WNAR Radio.

At a T.I. Disco, T.J. relaxes with the What 4, Julie the H & Vince Lance.

Left, Danny (KFXM) Dare carries his wax for San Bernardino listeners. Below, Al (WRIT) Summers, heard over Milwaukee, Wis.



ABINGTON, PA. FAVE: Got a hot tip on none other than SUPER LOU heard over WNAR Radio in Norristown, Pa. Just 21-years-old, Super Lou is 5'5" tall, and has black hair and brown eyes. Tune him in every day between 12:15 and 5 p.m. to hear good sounds. To join his fan club, write to Super Lou at WNAR Radio, Norristown, Pa. 19400.

SKINNY LEGS

Try this new, amazing, scientific home method to Add SHAPELY CURVES at ANKLES, CALVES, KNEES, THIGHS, HIPS!

TESTED AND PROVEN METHOD – ONLY 15 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY!

This most encouraging news for women with thin, under-developed legs was revealed by Henry Milchstein, M.S., Ph.T. If your thin legs are due to normal causes, you should try to attain the strong alluring shapely legs you've always wanted. This well-known physiotherapist was President of the Metropolitan School of Physiotherapy. His record is enviable in helping lovely stage and screen actresses as well as women like yourself to mold beautiful legs. Over a period of 32 years, he used an amazingly natural method which is unsurpassed by anything we have ever seen.

Thousands gladly paid high fees for his personal instruction here in New York City. Now it is possible for any woman to try this famous expert's method, requiring only 15 minutes a day, right in the comfort and privacy of her own home at a tiny fraction of this cost.

HOW YOUR INDIVIDUAL THIN LEG PROBLEMS CAN BE CORRECTED BY THIS METHOD

Ordinary Methods Found to Help Little in Developing Skinny Legs

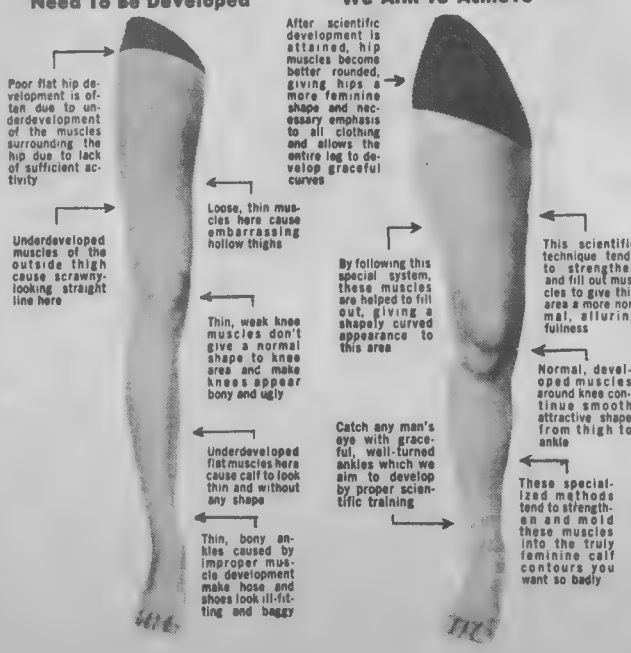
Many women engaged in improper strenuous exercises and sports to develop their legs. As a result they may build up some leg muscles at the expense of the rest of the leg causing their legs to look out of proportion. Other women tried drugs or diets alone to fill out thin legs. Since a weight gaining diet cannot be made to add weight to any single part of your body, you may gain weight everywhere but in your legs. And if a little weight was added to your legs, no diet could strengthen and develop all the leg muscles to their normal shape and your legs would be left with flabby fat that would do little to give your legs shapely curves. This method does concentrate on adding shapely curves to each section of your legs from the hips to the ankles in normal proportions.

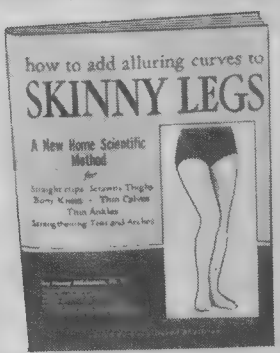
A Technique Based on Years Of Professional Experience

This progressive scientific method for developing thin legs is based on the knowledge and experience of professionals including physiotherapists and famous body contour experts throughout the world. HEALTH CULTURE Magazine asked this authority on legs to write a series of articles on the fundamentals of this method so that their readers learn about this wonderful technique.

THIN LEG Sections That Need To Be Developed

NORMAL LEG Sections We Aim To Achieve





Stronger Shapely Legs Help You Dance, Swim, Play Sports, Walk, Stand, Improve Your Appearance in Clothes!

You get the complete, easy, step-by-step illustrated SCIENTIFIC LEG DEVELOPMENT TECHNIQUE with simple instructions for under-developed hips, thighs, knees, calves, ankles; gaining stronger, shaplier legs; improving skin tone and circulation in legs; normal causes of skinny legs; plus measurement chart for each section of leg according to height and weight; also, how leg development may improve general health.

SEND NO MONEY! FREE 10-DAY TRIAL!

For the "Home Method for Developing Skinny Legs," just pay postman $1.98 plus postage on delivery (in plain wrapper). Or send only $1.98 with order and we pay postage. Satisfaction guaranteed or return course for money back.

MODERN METHODS
12 Warren St. Dept. SB-536
New York, New York 10007

JERRY LEWIS CONDUCTS— NUTNIKS

If you sneak up on zany JERRY LEWIS, at any time or any place, you'll find him doubled over. From laughing at your NUTNIKS! So, if you want to have a good chuckle, too, read on!

HERE'S a chuckle from MARY FIELDS of Charleston, S.C.:
Q. *What's the hardest thing in learning to roller skate?*
A. *Pavement.*

* * *

These two funnies were sent in by PAMELA APPLEGATE of Baltimore, Md.:
Little Jane watched her mother apply cold cream to her face.

"What's that for, Mommy?" asked little Jane.

"It's face cream, dear, to make me beautiful," answered her mother.

A few minutes later, after the cream had been removed, little Jane looked at her mother, shook her head and sadly remarked, *"Didn't work, did it, Mommy?"*

* * *

ROSE PANZA of the Bronx, N.Y. earns $2 for her joke:
Patron to bartender: *If I show you a dissappearing cocktail, can I have it free?*
Bartender: *Okay, show me!*
Patron: *Gulp!*

* * *

Two rib-ticklers from SUE GRIEGER of West Islip, New York are sure to make you smile:
He: *I once dared a prize fighter to fight me.*
Her: *How brave you are! What happened?*
He: *I hung up the receiver.*

* * *

Alice: *Let's play school. I'll be the teacher. What will you be?*
Bob: *Absent!*

* * *

Another wild nutty comes from LINDA VERUCCI of Newark, Del.:
Mother: *Son, every time you're naughty, I get another grey hair.*
Son: *Gee Mom, you must have been a terror—look at Grandma!*

* * *

DIANE DYCK of Swift Current, Sask., Canada sent in this to give you a titter:
Ed: *I think I'll divorce my wife.*
Bob: *Why?*
Ed: *She's so immature—when I'm bathing she sinks my boats!*

* * *

Here's a cutie from MARC POSNER of Rochester, New York:
Buster: *Is that your dog?*
Rusty: *Yes, he used to be a pointer but my mother spoiled him.*
Buster: *How?*
Rusty: *She taught him that it wasn't nice to point.*

* * *

Here's a long one from LEE RECABARREN of San Francisco, Calif.:
The sons of three professional men were discussing making money.
Doctor's son: *"All pop has to do is look at a person, talk to him, then he writes something down—and he gets five dollars."*
Lawyer's son: *"Big deal. My pop sits in his office. Someone comes in and asks a question. He says he'll look it up in a book. Then he gets 50 dollars."*
Minister's son: *"Well, after my dad gets up to talk, it takes six men to bring the money down the aisles!"*

* * *

MARY LOPEZ of Mesquite, Texas earns $2 for this funny:
Wife: *I read in the paper the other day that most accidents happen in the kitchen.*
Husband: *That's right—and we husbands have to eat them.*

* * *

Then there's this silly from PAUL OSSY of Detroit, Mich.:
Nit: *The doctor told me to drink lemon juice after a hot bath.*
Wit: *Well tell me, how did you like the lemon juice?*
Nit: *I haven't finished drinking the hot bath yet.*

* * *

DINO DANELLI

continued from page 17

courage to go it alone. But you can start by using what you see around you. Any material is an art material so that limited theories, such as 'oil paint is an artist's material' are unimportant. What is an art material? Anything you can see and use! So an ashtray can become an art material as much, or more than, oils are. Use friends and books and museums for learning. But remember that the pictures and objects you see are other peoples' products and that such artists as Picasso and Jasper Johns do only their own personal statement. Want to do something new and different—the realization of your own idea." He paused, then said, "There isn't really much I can say to a beginning artist. Except for people to get interested and go out to see what is happening around them."

Dino has absorbed all he knows about art in just this way. And he did the same with learning music! "I never learned music formally," he admits. "But I've learned through developing a personal style. Now I read music and I have the freedom that comes from knowledge. That's why the Beatles impress me. Now that they are accepted, they are free to explore. All musical avenues are open to them."

Dino will assure you that your visit was a pleasure and will be sure to ask you to drop in again if you are around the area. But, before you go, take another good look at the very interesting pad of a very interesting guy. His apartment reflects the same interesting combination of its owner. Because, as both musician and artist, Dino reflects two different levels.

And from the entrance balcony you can see the two levels of his home. ●

BY DANA OHLMEYER

HERMAN BY HERMAN

continued from page 12

Rhythm guitar: *I'm sure I left my shoes . . .*

Recording manager: *Q-U-I-E-T!*

Five worried men kick the number off. Although they've worked it on stage for weeks before, today it seems like they've never heard it before. Also, the bass guitarist is dying for a cigarette, the rhythm guitarist is worried about his shoes, the singer can't for the life of him remember the words, the lead guitar is convinced someone must have glued his fingers together, and the drummer hopes all this is just a dream!

Recording manager: *Cut, cut, cut! This is ridiculous! You sound as if you were half asleep.*

Bass guitar: *He's joking, of course.*

Recording manager: *Now! Once again. And remember—plenty of soul . . .*

Three hours later, the red light goes out — for the last time. You sag against studio walls. Beards have grown a little longer, faces a little more haggard. The Recording Manager comes out of his little glass box.

"Fellas! That was great!"

And the crazy thing is—a few weeks later, you find you've got a hit! Don't ask us how we did it.

But for heavens sake, don't FILM us while we're doing it! ●

"HI! I'M JERI LAWRENCE— JERI OF HOLLYWOOD!"

LET ME BE YOUR PHOTO SCOUT! I'LL SEND

DIRECT FROM HOLLYWOOD TO YOU! —

FREE STAR PHOTOS!

Not just one, but TWO DIFFERENT PHOTOS of each star you select!

NO LIMIT! Pick as many stars as you like!

Enjoy this thrilling new hobby: start or add to your collection now, with two different photos of each of your favorite stars! Big glossy prints! One studio portrait, plus one action photo! It's easy, it's fun: pick your favorite stars in this list!

Choose from these **100 TOP STARS,** *or any others! See instructions below.*

Julie Andrews
Ann-Margret
Lucille Ball
Brigitte Bardot
Richard Basehart
Batman (Adam West)
Beatles (together)
George (alone)
John (alone)
Paul (alone)
Ringo (alone)
Dan Blocker
Peter Brown
Angela Cartwright
Dick Chamberlain
Sean Connery
Robert Conrad
Bill Cosby
Robert Culp
James Darren
Doris Day
Phyllis Diller
Dino, Desi & Billy
Troy Donahue
Donna Douglas
James Drury
Patty Duke
Barbara Eden
Ron Ely
John Erickson
Linda Evans
Roger Ewing
Sally Field
Ann Francis
Robert Fuller
Annette Funicello
Robert Goulet
Lorne Greene
Luke Halpin
Noel Harrison
David Hedison
Herman's Hermits
Steven Hill
Will Hutchins
David Janssen
Chris Jones
Marta Kristen
Martin Landau
Michael Landon
Jeri Lawrence
Jerry Lewis
John Leyton
June Lockhart
Richard Long
Trini Lopez
Lee Majors
Cheryl Miller
Hayley Mills
Roger Mobley
Liz Montgomery
Vic Morrow
David McCallum
Doug McClure
Peter McEnery
Rick Nelson
Paul Newman
Leonard Nimoy
Ryan O'Neal
Stephanie Powers
Elvis Presley
Bob Random
Robin (Burt Ward)
William Shatner
Nancy Sinatra
Bill Smith
Elke Sommer
Barbara Stanwyck
Connie Stevens
Yale Summers
Shirley Temple
Roy Thinnes
Robert Vaughn
Clint Walker
John Wayne
Guy Williams
Van Williams
Robert Wolders
Efrem Zimbalist

"THE KING"
The one and only **ELVIS PRESLEY** (who else?) Just received **15 NEW POSES** — 1 8x10 — 2 5x7 12 wallets. The price . . . **1.98** Rush your order to me NOW!! — Jeri

INSTRUCTIONS: 1. Print the names of your favorite stars (even if not listed above) on a sheet of paper. 2. For each name you select, enclose 10¢ to cover mailing and handling costs; for extra-quick special service, please enclose 25¢ extra. 3. Print your own name and address clearly.

Mail to me at this address:
JERI OF HOLLYWOOD
DEPT. 5519
7551 MELROSE AVENUE
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90046

BOYCE & HART

continued from page 27

challenged them, "just what DO you think of the world that the young folk have made for themselves? What about the radical changes that have come about?"

Their response was confident and positive. They approve one hundred percent of the new freedom teens are exercising.

"They're asking some very important questions," Bobby pointed out. Tommy nodded in agreement.

"What questions ARE they asking?" I queried.

"Lots of them," answered Bobby. "Questions like, 'Why?' They want answers to problems that no one has been willing to challenge before."

Boyce and Hart have been writing the lyrics to the songs that teenagers all over the world champion. They were the thinkers behind many of the Monkee's song messages, and have written hits for a lot of other pop stars, too.

The effectiveness of their communication with young people is unquestionable. The fact that they understand what goes on within the minds of their audiences is equally as sure.

Song-writers-turned-performers, Boyce and Hart have been touring the country singing as a duo. Although they have only been in the performer category a short while, they have become teen favorites already.

Perhaps it is the type of insight, the rapport that Tommy and Bobby have managed to achieve with their youthful audiences that have skyrocketed their popularity.

Sound unreasonable? It isn't at all.

Take, for instance, the teenage press conference they told me about.

The purpose of the conference was to introduce the two to the country, to their public—to have them explain a little about why they had switched from song writing to song singing—and what they hoped to achieve with the change.

The conference turned out to be a soul-searching session with American teenagers and their parents on why the young think as they do—what they expect from life.

As I sat with Tommy and Bobby munching sandwiches and talking, Bobby explained what happened at that conference.

"We were answering their questions when suddenly they started talking about more personal things, asking about direction in life.

"We realized that the session could go on all night, so we turned it back into a regular press conference. But the kids wouldn't take no for an answer.

"So they stayed around afterward to continue the questioning. Most of the parents stuck around, too.

"There were a lot of questions like, 'I really respect my father and love him, but I can't seem to see eye to eye with him on some particular matter.' Then they'd ask how WE would handle the situation.

"Before we knew it, even the parents were asking direction in the handling of their kids. We just couldn't believe the response."

I asked the two musicians what they felt about the disintegration of the family unit that seems to be taking place in our society. The boys were a bit taken back by the suggestion.

Tommy ventured an answer. "It looks like EVERYONE is beginning to ask why such a drastic revolution has been in progress by our youth. Even the parents are starting to look within themselves to find the answers. But the kids, themselves, are starting to take the best things from both generations. I think things are getting back to order again."

"Of course," Bobby added, "everyone growing up revolts against parental influence in his own way. We all have done it. Some are just more drastic than others.

"Tommy and I had to go through that part of life, and yet we both really dig our parents. We spend as much time with them as possible. We're really close. I know I spent a little time feeling hostile about the home front, but the whole thing passed as I grew out of that stage."

They're clowns, these two mopped-headed musician-songwriters, they're zany and full of highjinks and laughter. But they know the scene today, they're a real part of it.

Have lunch with them some day. Your sides will hurt from laughing—but somewhere wedged into all the joking will be some very worthwhile thoughts. You may even learn something. I certainly did. ●

BY PENNY PENCE

JUST BETWEEN US

Send to: Bess Coleman c/o TEEN LIFE
P.O. Box 384
Madison Square Station
New York, N.Y. 10010

WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE MAGAZINE? .....

.....

WHAT OTHER MAGAZINES DO YOU LIKE? .....

.....

HOW MANY HOURS A DAY DO YOU LISTEN TO RADIO? .....

WHAT PROGRAMS DO YOU LIKE MOST? .....

.....

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITE D.J.'S? .....

.....

WHAT SHOWS DO YOU WATCH ON T.V.? .....

.....

.....

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITE T.V. PERSONALITIES?

MALE ***FEMALE***

.....

WHAT STORIES IN THIS ISSUE DIDN'T YOU READ? .....

.....

HOW OFTEN DO YOU GO TO THE MOVIES? .....

WHICH MOVIE STARS DO YOU LIKE BEST?

MALE ***FEMALE***

.....

HOW OFTEN DO YOU BUY RECORDS? .....

WHOSE RECORDS DO YOU LIKE MOST?

MALE ***FEMALE***

.....

.....

WHAT SCHOOL DO YOU ATTEND? .....

WHAT GRADE ARE YOU IN NOW? .....

HAVE YOU EVER ANSWERED A TEEN LIFE QUESTIONNAIRE BEFORE?

.....

NAME ..... **AGE** .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... **STATE** ..... **ZIP** .....

HOTLINE FROM LONDON

continued from page 29

One mother told me: "My daughter's been there all day and night—I can't get her home and the weather is freezing."

Reason for DAVY'S flight cancellation— a late one nighter in Salt Lake City that delayed him by three days.

Crazy ARTHUR BROWN—the British hippies delight—is very shy about his passport photograph. He refuses to let anyone but customs officials see it—and only then grudgingly!

Close friends tell me that he get s embarrassed because wild looking ARTHUR is shown as a neat and tidy schoolboy with a shirt and tie on in the photograph!

All quiet on the BEATLES front this month—except the news that their ace designers, SIMON and MARJIK, have quit their way-out boutique *Apple*.

The news came as quite a shock. The couple have been closely associated with the BEATLES for a long time now—both socially and financially—and were responsible for all the clothes, way out and weird, sold in *Apple*. Apparently they have been offered a fabulous contract to design a skyscraper in New York.

If their design for clothes and *Apple's* incredibly painted shop front are anything to go by (and by the way stalwart London residents kicked up such a fuss about the outside wall decorations they were forced to whitewash them away) all I can say is—you have been warned!

STEVIE WINWOOD, boy wonder singer with the TRAFFIC, continues to grow his hair longer and longer and longer! And now that he's started to wear small, round spectacles he's beginning to look remarkably like JOHN LENNON! In fact, when I saw them together not long ago I had to look twice before making up my mind who was who! Don't you think they look alike?

Drivers down London's posh Park Lane had quite a shock not long ago. For frantically pedaling away on the rear seat of a tandem was DUSTY SPRINGFIELD, no less, in full evening regalia! Dusty had hired a chauffeur-driven bicycle to take her to a swank charity event at the swank *Grosvenor House Hotel* and even the upright doorman had to blink in amazement. Why was DUSTY traveling like this? Well, it seems that she is disgusted at the rising cost of living over here, and this was her way of protesting—and economizing!

Oh, by the way, MICKY DOLENZ and his English lady-friend SAMANTHA JUSTE flew over to London for a short while. Looking very much like a girl in love, Sammy confided to friends that she and Micky will be getting married at some unknown date in the future. Sorry fans, but that's the way it goes!

Another couple who always look closer than close are RINGO STARR and his lovely wife MAUREEN. I bumped into them at London Airport while they were waiting for a plane to take them off to the Cannes Film Festival in France, and they were acting like a pair of newly-weds. Which makes a nice change from some of the other pop duos I know . . .

I hope that by the time you read this CILLA BLACK'S record, *Step Inside Love*, will be a huge hit on your side of the Atlantic. It really is a gorgeous disc and was specially penned for her by BEATLE-scribe PAUL McCARTNEY. It reached the top ten over here, and if it doesn't do the same over there I shall want to know why! ●

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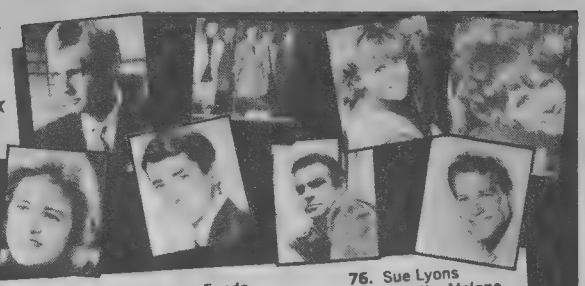

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79. Liz Montgomery
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CALIFORNIA CALLING

continued from page 39

Now . . . on to more solid ground, namely what really went down this past month.

H. P. LOVECRAFT have moved to Mill Valley, near San Francisco, and are working on their second album.

THEM tore up the audiences at the KALEIDOSCOPE without the aid of former member VAN MORRISON, and are out here on the West Coast to record indefinitely.

The TROGGS and Moby Grape (separately) were also at the KALEIDOSCOPE, as were the IRON BUTTERFLY, and all three groups rated high in audience appeal.

At the Whiskey were the HAMILTON STEETCAR, who are really starting to be appreciated (it's about time!), and STEPPENWOLF, who will be a real monster group. They are probably one of the hottest groups in the country right now. Their second album is just about due for release though it's going to be hard for them to top their first. Others: ELECTRIC FLAG, who played for one night to the largest crowd anyone has seen at the Whiskey (except for the Animals' one-nighter and New Years' Eve), and the SPIRIT.

Spirit are also beginnning to come into their own. Musicians rave about their creativity and ability, and girls rap on about MARK ANDES and JAY FERGUSON being nothing short of gorgeous. With combinations like that, how can they miss? Their first album is great, and their second should be even better, from what I've heard of their new material. (And it's all original.)

WALTER KOENIG, STAR TREK's luvable CHEKOV, was a bit nervous at the prospect of emcee-ing a concert for the LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION, but it evidently went off all right. He is about to record his first single, which should be a smash hit. (Did you know he has a degree in psychology from U.C.L.A., and is one of the most intelligent young men around?)

Neil Young (ex of the Springfield) is doing an album on his own, with help from JACK NEITZSCHE. It's what he's wanted to do for years.

There was a press reception on BOB DYLAN's birthday (happy birthday!) for a new RCA group, the BROTHERHOOD, composed of ex-RAIDERS PHIL VOLK, DRAKE LEVIN, MIKE "SMITTY" SMITH, and new organist RON COLLINS. They looked great and very happy, and those feelings were carried across in their music. Their first record will be released shortly.

PETER TORK has just acquired a new hill-top home, which includes about five fireplaces (one so big you can walk into it!) and all kinds of other wild things. He's having a nine-foot bathtub especially built for the house. (A nine-foot bathtub? I ask you!)

And what's all this gossip I hear about a feud between JIMMY MORRISON of the DOORS and JANIS JOPLIN of BIG BROTHER AND THE HOLDING COMPANY?

CANNED HEAT has been getting more and more popular with each concert. They're really a sincere and friendly bunch of guys, too. Their *Boogie* thing is starting to draw a lot of attention.

TIM BUCKLEY played at the Troubador, mesmerizing and magnetizing his audiences with every song. Whatever his magic razzle-dazzle and sparkle is, it's contageous. See him once, and you're a fan for life. It's something like the gentle minstrel quality of DONOVAN, but its definitely Tim Buckley, and if he gets enough exposure, he may be just as popular.

Another name to watch in the folk music world is JOHN SILLERO. His songs are sort of a new outlook on experiences nearly everyone has but goes past without *really* experiencing.

Also, give a listen to the JONI MITCHELL album which was produced by ex-BYRD DAVID CROSBY. The lyrics and tunes are something else.

And as for TINY TIM well, what can I say. He's bound to become a national pastime. It seems like all of a sudden, out of nowhere, there was Tiny Tim, and ZAP! National television coverage and concerts, and overnight *Tiptoe Through The Tulips* is a big hit. But don't be fooled! He's been around for quite awhile, and delighted audiences and the MONTERY POP FESTIVAL just last year. This year he's getting the acclaim he deserved for "doing his thing" for so long.

That's all for this month, but remember: "Tiny Tim blesses you." ●

RONNY HOWARD

continued from page 31

though, Ronny didn't have a very good opinion of girls. If he thinks about it, he might tell you about the dance he and some of his friends went to at the school. It seems that these boys got together and worked up all their courage to go to the dance, because another one of their friends was a drummer in the band that was playing and they wanted to hear him.

One of the gang was a heavy, funny kid. He boasted, "Man, I'm going to get right in there and dance. Boy, just wait!"

Well, they got to the dance and kind of stood around listening to the music and watching the other kids on the dance floor. Then this girl came up to Ronny and said, "Hi, would you like to dance with me?"

"Gee, I don't think so," said Ronny. So she went right up to the fella standing next to him and asked him the same thing. His answer wasn't a lot different from Ronny's.

Darned if she didn't ask every one of that gang to dance and none of them would. When she got to the heavy fella who had been bragging about how great he was going to be on the dance floor, he hesitated a second, then also said, "Thanks, I guess not."

Everyone got a secret laugh out of that.

After all, though, who's got time for girls when he's so busy with school and baseball and basketball?

Ronny's real aggressive on the baseball diamond. No shyness there. He plays with the Babe Ruth League and coaches a little league team.

He'll proudly tell you that he's about the luckiest kid alive because his family has been willing to work their own schedules around his baseball.

When baseball season is over, of course, there is basketball, and that's every bit as important. In fact, if you're fortunate, Ronny will run up to his room and bring down two of his most prized possessions, plaques awarded him for excellence on the basketball court. One is from the Volkswagon Free Throw Contest in Los Angeles a couple of years ago and Ronny loves to talk about the exciting competition for the award — right there at the L.A. Lakers game during half-time.

Then there was the time that Ronny met Elgin Baylor, the star player for the Lakers. He doesn't talk much about that, though. Not many of us get the chance to meet our own hero, and well, when you do, you don't talk much about the thrill.

How can you describe ecstacy?

Ronny says he's lucky, too, in a lot of other ways. Like for instance his folks just moved into a new house and it has a huge basketball court in the backyard. And there are lots of trees to sit under and rest after you've been shooting baskets.

There is one other special award that Ronny's proud to show his friends. It's a big, tall trophy with an angel-type figure on the top. It was presented to Ronny by the San Fernando Valley Teenage Foundation for his being picked the most popular teenage TV star in 1967-68.

When you get right down to it, that trophy's much more than just another award for Ronny. He says the honor that came with it marks his proudest accomplishment in life. Now, that's a pretty big statement.

If you stop to think about it, you'd probably wonder why Ronny is such a normal kid. He is more tied to TV and show business than most of the young faces you see on the screen. His dad and mom were stage troupers in their earlier years. Now, his dad and his little brother, Clint, are regulars on *Gentle Ben*. That means they are in Florida a lot of the time filming the series.

"We're closer than most families, though," Ronny will explain. "We have a lot in common and mom and I get to go to Florida a lot to see dad and Clint.

" 'Course they come home whenever they can. We're really very close, all of us. I guess we're pretty lucky.

"We even got mom into one of dad's shows. She got to be an extra! I've been nagging her for a long time to do some acting, but you know mothers.

"She says she's got her hands full with three of us already in the family.

"There was this one part that was perfect for her in one of Andy's shows. It was just the ideal thing that she always said MAYBE SOMEDAY she would do — a tiny part with just a couple of lines. Think she'd do it? No, ma'am."

This red-headed kid named Ronny is at a kind of bad time in his life right now — now that the Andy Griffith Show is changing formats so much and Ronny won't be a regular anymore.

"It's like going on a long trip, away from your family. Like you really didn't want to go, but you had to." And YOU know what that can do to a guy.

Imagine, too, how you'd feel if you worked with a great person like Andy Griffith for eight years. Every day of your life he was right there with you showing you some special secrets about acting and just being a good friend.

Then suddenly everything is all over at the studio — for good and you come home and your dad's in Florida and so is your little brother.

It's okay, thought, because it's baseball season and you've got a lot of shaping up to do that way.

Then there's this girl you took to Disneyland on your birthday . . .

Well — maybe life is a little more confusing and complicated to a kid who acts on TV than for the rest of us. But from the looks of some of the rest of us and our own hang-ups, I doubt it.

Ronny has a few of those hang-ups, sure. But they really aren't clouding his plans and his goals much. He still plans to go ahead with his acting. Maybe he'll be a director someday, he says.

"One thing my parents always tell me and I believe," he says, "is that I'm going to go to college because every young kid needs college just to learn how to communicate with other people, if for no other reason. And even if I do keep on acting—or not—if I just go to school and play basketball, I need to know other people, to improve my own brain. It's a great thing, college."

It isn't really surprising that he wants to go to the University of North Carolina. After all, they have a good basketball team. And that's where Andy Griffith went to school.

It probably sounds like Andy is a big man in Ronny's eyes. Well, he is. But Ronny will tell you that his dad is still the most important, and the BIGGEST man in his world.

Ronny will assure you that Andy's a great friend, but in the advice and teaching line, he left everything to Ronny's dad.

Besides that, Andy came up with some pretty "wierd" ideas once in a while. Like the time Ronny and his friends went to the dance to hear their friend play the drums.

You know what Andy said?

"Man, you don't go to a dance with a lot of pretty girls around—and just stand and listen to the drummin'."

Whether you're a TV star or not, when you're fourteen years old and have a lot of things on your mind—who needs that kind of advice? ●

BY PENNY PENCE

DACK RAMBO'S HANG-UP

continued from page 24

rest of his family for breakfast.

The day that stretched ahead of Dack Rambo would be a tiring one filled with hours of heavy, strenuous tasks. As he sat at the breakfast table thinking about it, a sense of excitement, of enthusiasm surged through his body. He loved his father's ranch. He loved the soil and the crops and the animals.

He was proud of the fact that this was his own heritage, that these people so close to the earth were his own flesh.

As he went about his chores on the big ranch, he boasted a complacent grin, and he whistled throughout the day. The regular hands on the ranch watched him in wonderment.

"What in the world," they quizzed one another, "is that kid doing now? What the heck do you suppose he bothers with this place for?"

And their questions might well be considered valid. The appearance of a well-known young ABC-television star executing the heavy every-day business of ranching seemed incongruous to most.

Going home to Dack, home to his family's 900-acre ranch near Bakersfield, California, is more than simply a courtesy visit. It's Dack's way of reminding himself of who he is, of what life is really all about. That, according to Dack, is of utmost importance to his emotional stability — or that of any busy, progressing actor.

To say that the life of a TV performer can often be very trying would indeed be an understatement, and few actors will deny it. Even fewer will admit honestly, however, that the reason behind their willingness to live such a life is a kind of selfishness.

Co-star of *Guns Of Will Sonnett*, Dack talks freely about the special type of selfishness that he, as an actor, has had to develop — a hangup he admits has had a high price.

"When you want something badly enough, I guess you are willing to sacrifice a few things to achieve it. That's a fact of business in any field.

"In acting — well, you're selling yourself. Where other men sell shoes, or appliances, or insurance policies, we actors sell our faces, our voices — our image. And to do that, we have to think about ourselves an awful lot, we do become selfish.

"Does that surprise you?" he asked

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suddenly. He readjusted his tall frame in the chair, resting his arms on his knees as he leaned forward.

"It's true," he admitted. "I know it seems an egotistical way to live, but it's not really so bad. In anything you do — particularly for a guy — you have to reach the point where you know what you want in life, where you can determine which things are the most important, which are secondary — and which you'll have to sacrifice. That's part of maturing. You can't be all things at all times."

"It's like with Christina," he ventured, bringing up the name of Christina Ferrare, the young actress who has figured so prominently in his activities in recent months.

"Even she occasionally bugs me about the emphasis I put on vanity . . . on promoting myself. But that's what this business is all about.

"I've made a lot of sacrifices to pursue this acting career. And believe me, there have been times when I've stopped to sit down and think hard about whether or not those sacrifices have been worth it."

"Privacy is one of the biggest things as an actor I've had to give up. Privacy is pretty important, pretty necessary for every person and I'm no different from the rest. But after all, an actor is only as good as the public acceptance he receives.

"I really get mad when I hear some of my actor friends bad-mouthing autograph hounds and reporters. Let's face it, if nobody knew or cared about your name — nobody would care whether they watched your show or not. You wouldn't be acting very long."

Dack spoke of the many "nights on the town" that supposedly fill the life of a busy actor, nights of star-studded parties and club openings, dates with glamorous starlets who wear dazzling clothes, of exciting music, endless champagne bubbles.

And in almost every case, he maintains, there is a young couple holding hands in an obscure table in a far corner of the room, nameless and faceless to those around them, but totally contented.

Dack Rambo and his lovely date sit smack in the middle of the room, stage center. Their eyes are seldom focused on each other, but rather on the dozen or so photographers that surround them. And often they have little to say to one another, for theirs is a studio-arranged date and they have little in common except one goal: to be seen, to establish a name in the mind of the public.

"I like to think I've matured in that respect, too," Dack admitted. I used to think that 'being seen' was the most exciting, most important thing in the world. Since I've been doing *Will Sonnett* I've gained a lot of confidence in myself, and I'm beginning to realize a lot of satisfaction from that. I guess I don't need the headlines to reassure myself as much as I used to."

He hesitated for a moment then added with a laugh, "I hope I've gained a little ability as well as confidence from the series." Once again he pulled together his six-foot frame and readjusted it in the chair, a motion he repeated throughout our talk. It seemed as though he was on edge, rather uncomfortable to be talking about the building of his own image.

As the conversation evolved to the subject of friends and dates, Dack spoke seriously about the sacrifices he has made in that regard.

"You get busy working on a series, working to better your acting — just working to achieve perfection. That's the goal we're all working for. And you have to neglect people sometimes. You spend your time studying technique and lines, planning appearances, and just working at your trade."

His voice had thinned to almost a whisper and he looked down at his hands folded on his knees. He truly looked like a man with a hangup as he shook his head slightly, as though he were talking to himself, and said, "And all the plans and hopes are for *YOU* — for yourself. That's who you're selling." Suddenly he looked up and flashed a quick grin, assuring me that he was back in a two-party conversation.

"My friends think I've forgotten about them. Some of them think I've become terribly egotistical. But that's really not fair of them. I honestly believe that the old tale of the actor who becomes successful and turns away from his friends is backward, turned around.

"Lots of times my friends have turned their backs on me because they thought I didn't care any more, that I had gotten too big for them. That's not true, at least I don't believe it is. It isn't me who has changed, it's their attitude toward me. At least I hope—that's why I bend over too far sometimes to show them that I do still care, that I am still a friend. But sometimes even that doesn't help. They seem to believe only what they want to."

It was a hesitant Dack Rambo who levied the next charge. "Sometimes I think people get jealous. I think sometimes they don't like it when their best friend succeeds in something that they, themselves would like to succeed in." His voice faltered in his reluctance to make the admission, and as serious a charge as it was, he showed no indication of bitterness.

"It's like when I go home to the ranch. So many of the kids I grew up with look at me now and make snide remarks about 'Hollywood'—and how much I've changed. And it's not true at all.

"One of the main reasons I go home—and love to go home—is to, well, 'get back to the earth'—to remind myself that this is where I came from and that there is a lot more to living than bright lights and pretty people."

Dack looks every inch the handsomely rugged Westerner he portrays so well on *Will Sonnett*. The sentimental smile that gradually appeared on his face, and the sensitive tone that overtook his voice seemed to change his entire personality. And his words carried a sincerity and strength with them.

"I love to work the ranch when I go home. I help my dad and my brother, Bill—irrigating the fields, all kinds of things. I love to drive the big old tractor, maybe kind of become a human being again for a while. It kind of slaps me back to earth when I get to feeling important—maybe too important."

As Dack admits he has lost many good friends in the progression of his career, he also admits that he has had little time for romance, for real "caring" about any one girl. He has dated perhaps some of the most beautiful women in the country, and certainly as a handsome, dashing bachelor, has no trouble finding admirers.

"But at this stage of my life, the building process I'm involved in doesn't give me much room for worrying about another person."

He spoke of his five-month romance with pretty Cristina Ferrare, insisting that their relationship was strictly casual, and that they were just friends, rather than on the way to becoming long-term partners. He maintained that there would be no marriage for them, and once again reaffirmed his stand on romance in his life.

"I'm still not ready for someone else in my life. I have far too much to do to settle down and start thinking in terms of home and family."

And the "too much to do" was no overstatement on Dack's part. Besides the hectic schedule he maintains as co-star of a successful ABC-TV series, Dack has strong aspirations other than becoming a fine actor.

His suntanned face acquired a flush of excitement as he announced that soon he will be recording his first album.

Once more the wheels will begin to turn in the business of image building. Another side of Dack Rambo will be introduced to the public, a Dack Rambo who no longer conforms only to the routine of a TV series, but must now be available for club appearances, for recording sessions, for various TV shows.

Regardless of where his career will take him, he will once more be involved in the process of "selling" Dack Rambo, of becoming even more deeply involved with his hangup—too much of himself.

"Am I selfish?" he asked. He thought for a moment, then answered his own question. "I guess some people will say that I am. I like to think, though, that maybe I'm just maturing to the point where I know what my goals are, and can evaluate what I have to do to achieve those goals."

The sacrifices Dack admits he has made—and will continue to make only prove that the existence of a dedicated actor is not as utopian as one often assumes. It's a life of self-interest, of constant self-attention. In the process of self-building, a lot of the niceties enjoyed by most people are ruled out, indeed sacrificed.

Maybe an actor is selfish. But, as Dack explains, perhaps that selfishness is only the same degree of maturity that other people label "direction" in their own lives.

"Someone once called me a man alone," Dack said. "You don't know how true that is. When you live for yourself, life does get pretty lonely. But that's the choice I've made as an actor."

And that is the hangup he has chosen to live with. ●

BY PENNY PENCE

THE BEATLE WHO'S CHANGED THE MOST

continued from page 9

George Harrison, 25, is the youngest of the Beatles. At the beginning of 1966 he made that remarkably pretty model, Pattie Boyd, the first non-Liverpudlian Beatle bride. They live in a bungalow at Esher, Surrey, and have yet to start a family.

George is the group's most studious musician. In the early days one felt that John and Paul increased their guitar-playing abilities as a means to an end. George, on the other hand, was intensely fond of his instruments, polished their frames painstakingly, plucked their strings into perfect tune a dozen times a day, made a serious devotion of expanding his musical knowledge.

At the same time he was the Beatles' technician, having some slight experience of Things Electrical which he could plug in, match up, re-wire or even build into whole circuits when venue facilities or the group's own equipment failed.

Witnesses of early concerts decided that he was the quiet Beatle. Unless he had to sing George stood back behind the spotlight, seldom smiled, kept an almost severe expression on his face. The simple reason was that George liked to concentrate on his music.

Despite his happy-go-carefree outlook on life in general, George was the first Beatle to take more than a superficial interest in matters of money and how much was being earned.

The accumulated Harrison income is less than that of Lennon-McCartney to whose wealth have been added the royalties from their prolific composing.

But even if the Government has skimmed off 99 cents from most of the dollars he's made, George must have put by a roomful or two of nickels. Enough to discourage financial anxiety for all time.

George is a strongly sensitive, wholly genuine person. His friendships are deep-rooted and you can put faith in his promises.

By now the Beatles know well most of Britain's show business journalists who matter, but in the beginning when they were meeting newcomers every other day George was the first to retain in his memory not only faces but names. He wasn't trying to be clever or even professional.

He was interested in people, an observant listener as well as a helpful talker.

If an interviewer was a bit overwhelmed by the idea of having to do a piece on the Beatles, he'd ask for George because he knew the going would be easiest.

In conversation, George has the habit of placing his face a few inches from yours. The observer might be forgiven for guessing that terrible secrets were being divulged, vital confidences exchanged. But it's more likely to be something on a how's-the-family small-talk level!

George's spoken words emerge in an engaging Mersey Tunnel drawl. You can almost watch his thoughts collecting themselves into those slowly delivered sentences. His decisions are equally unhurried but, once made, they stand firm.

He believes in the ancient adage that things are worth doing only if they are worth doing well.

Take, for example, his progressively intricate involvement with the music of India. He listened, he read and then began to play, teaching himself the complex scales and obscure ragas as he went.

To see Ravi Shankar in concert at London's Festival Hall he walked out in the middle of a recording session. Later he travelled to India for lessons and to California where he and Pattie attended Shankar's Hollywood Bowl performance last August.

Ringo was the first of the four to own a beard (grown before he joined the Beatles) but George's was by far the most impressive! It took full external control of his head, spread out across his cheeks until it was incongruously evil-looking. Untamed, wild, menacing, yet magnificent to behold!

He pruned it down to a mere moustache about a year ago. Now he looks very much as he did in 1965.

Because George has written so few songs—less than a dozen—it is easy to trace the development of his composing strength. The change is incredible.

Who would imagine that *Don't Bother Me* was the early work of the man who has since created *Blue Jay Way* or *Within You, Without You.*

Meanwhile playing remains of greater importance to George than writing, despite the completion of a significant solo assignment—the creation of the entire instrumental soundtrack score for the film Wonderwall—and the signs that George will take an active interest in record production work for the first time this year.

Way back at the opening of 1964 the Beatles had recorded four consecutive number one hits and what the press christened Beatlemania was well under way.

From Paris came the trivial but unexpected news that George Harrison had chucked a glass of breakfast juice in somebody's face.

The guy on the receiving end of the sticky splash was close enough to the Beatles to appreciate that the motive was mild despair and not direct malice.

George, chummy, chatty, good-humored, even-tempered George, had blown his top! It was a sign that the tension of being at the very core of Beatlemania was having its first affect upon the least thick-skinned and most susceptible of the four.

In time George put his profession in perspective. "The Beatles? It's not the living end, is it?" he admitted.

As compensation he increased his attention to other activities, letting them build up around him. He had been obliged to make an obsession of being a Beatle. Now he cultivated fresh obsessions, delving deep into the cultures and music of the East, dividing his time and his mind into very separate segments labelled "The Beatles" and "Me, George."

So George was also the first to free himself from the stresses. The changes have surpassed full-circle, taken him beyond the problems and brought him a spiritual security which most of us deny ourselves all through our unsatisfactory suburban lives.

Today George finds tolerance and patience easy. He has specialized in maintaining his cool.

And if things get a bit sticky he'll walk away smiling rather than looking for glasses of juice. He is The Beatle Who Has Changed The Most and is all the better for it. ●

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ROLLING STONES ROLL ON

continued from page 11

so much but simply because, as they found out, their fans didn't want them to progress, and the British hip movement wouldn't accept them on a parallel to the Beatles.

It was the Stones time to own up. To their credit they did. They realized their mistake. From their offices in London they phoned American producer Jimmy Miller and asked him to take their next sessions, to see if they could work something out together.

Miller had already created quite a reputation for himself working with groups like the Traffic and when he started work with the Stones he and they realized that this was the combination that was going to click everything in place.

Meanwhile Mick and Keith came up on a drugs charge, then Brian. They were all acquitted but there was a nasty atmosphere around them for a time.

After the trials and the aftermath the Rolling Stones took stock of the situation. Once the foremost group in Britain they had almost shut themselves out of the scene.

They still have no manager but instead had a hard working dedicated group of young people working day and night behind them. Americans like Sue Cox from Los Angeles, Jo Bergman from San Francisco, Maggie Philips from London, Tom Kellock their road manager and mentor, and Jimmy Miller striving to set the Rolling Stones bandwagon on the road again.

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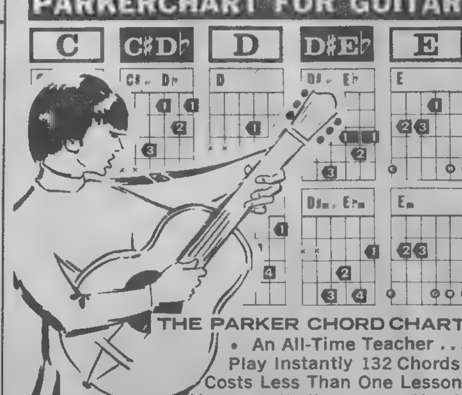

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suddenly turned up to appear at a huge pop concert at Wembley Stadium. The Stones fans emerged on that evening—after the first stunned silence—to wail and scream and faint just as before when Mick prowled and pranced on stage to prove that everything was back to normal.

Then to promote *Jumpin Jack Flash*—the single that worked with Jimmy Miller—they made an astonishing provocative TV film. All five wore strange make up. Charlie looked like an Inca god, Brian with gold makeup and lips leered at the camera, Keith stared out behind huge black sunglasses, Bill looked like a replica of Death and Mick's face was streaked with warpaint.

They have just completed their first album with Miller. Of it he says:

"The boys worked as I've never seen them before—every single night for three weeks from 9 p.m. to 6 a.m. They had written so much material we didn't know where to start. They wanted to get back to their raw basic sound. We have eliminated all the trimmings. This is basically the Stones—the Stones as people knew them."

To prove that at last they are all together they finally rolled into their very first long-awaited film *One Plus One.*

The film heralds yet another new breakthrough for the invincible Stones—directed by highly acclaimed Frenchman Jean Luc Goddard.

"We're really excited about this" said Mick. "We've been admirers of Goddard's work for a long time."

They've amazed everyone by arriving on time on set, being co-operative and attentive—despite a full scale apartment hunting expedition.

Basically what the Rolling Stones have proved is that they're back to stay. Underneath that lies the much deeper point that they must have been a more forceful and permanent part of the structure of British pop music than even THEY thought would survive at all! ●

DATELINES

continued from page 49

Q *Dear Ele and Walt: Whenever I get offered a baby-sitting job, no matter what the circumstances, my parents make me take it. This means I never can know what to say when my friends ask me to go places with them or whether it's safe to buy a ticket to a dance or a concert. Someone might call and ask me to sit and ruin my plans.*

Can I get my parents to let me decide whether or not to accept baby-sitting jobs? I am fourteen.—Linda.

Dear Linda: Discover first whether the push comes from financial need. If the family needs your help, ask your parents for a weekly income goal, and then plan a schedule that will permit you to work enough hours to provide the needed capital.

Invest 50 cents in a calendar and start a reservation book. When there's a special outing coming up, ask mom's permission. If she says yes, write the event on your calendar and have her initial it. Then if anyone calls when you're out about a sitting job, she can look at the calendar, remember you're already committed and suggest alternate blank days.

If you doubt she'd agree to this plan, try to win her okay for one permanent afternoon or evening off. If she knows you never sit on Saturday from 1 to 6 P.M., then she'll steer clear of booking you those hours.
—ELE and WALT.

* * *

Q *Dear Ele and Walt: I'm almost 17-years-old and yet I'm still fickle. It seems that I always like a half dozen boys at the same time. How do I get out of this stage?—Gloria.*

Dear Gloria: We only wish your fickleness were a more average teenage malady. Now's the time to enjoy dozens of friendships with the opposite sex. Don't let your matchmaking friends or the boys you date push you into making a steady choice until you're good and ready to settle down for that.

Balancing a number of boyfriends is good strategy if you hope to postpone marriage long enough to finish your formal education, do some traveling etc.

If people tease you about your unsettled mind, tell them happily, "That's right, I love the whole world!" So long as you don't give any one boy false hope that you like him better than the rest, you have nothing to be ashamed of.—ELE and WALT.

* * *

Q *Dear Ele: Last September I helped with a church bazaar. One boy kept coming to my booth and playing the game. He won three prizes and spent $3.50 in scrip. I think he liked me because the prizes were cups and saucers and he gave me a set.*

Since then I've seen him at about three dances and two band concerts. He always looks and looks, but never asks me to dance or comes over to talk to me. Other girls have noticed him looking at me, so I know I'm not imagining it. I want to know him better. Can you suggest something to unfreeze him?—Jill.

Dear Jill: If you're waiting for him to say "Hi" first, find a comfortable chair. Better yet, why not give him a warm smile yourself and see if it isn't contagious? When it's ladies' choice, push your nerve and head in his direction. Once on the dance floor, reminisce about the cups and saucers, ask him about his favorite hobbies and confess some weakness of your own: "I'm the world's worst mathematician. How are you in algebra?"

You can remain a lady and still be someone it's easy to relax with. Try!—ELE.

* * *

Q *Dear Ele: I started writing to this boy in the service and he became very fond of me. When he came home on leave he asked me to go steady. I told him I couldn't do that now but I might when he got out of the army in 1969.*

Since then he's been sending me very lovely presents (necklaces, a radio, money etc.). Please tell me if it is proper for me to keep them even though I'm not going steady with him.
—Rose.

Dear Rose: No man gets rich an army pay. If you continue to let the fellow spend a disproportionate percentage of his income on you, you're saying in so many unspoken words that he's outstandingly important to you. This spells commitment.

If you don't want this sense of obligation, return the money to him with a warm note: "Todd, you're so thoughtful! But I can't let you play Santa Claus year-round. I mean it.

I want you to keep your money and start saving for the time you get out.

"I really can't accept any more expensive gifts. If they come, I'll send them back. If you want to give me something, paint me a picture, write me a poem or take some snapshots of your life."—ELE.

* * *

Q *Dear Ele and Walt: I think your advice is usually very good, but I read something that can't be right. You stuck up for a girl who went to the dance the night she learned her brother had been killed in Vietnam. This can't be normal.*

Sure, when my uncle was sent over, he told us not to go around mourning if anything happened to him. But still, if something did happen, although I wouldn't stop living, I wouldn't feel like having a blast the same day. If this girl really loved her brother, she could never have enjoyed that dance. Her date must have thought she was nuts. Who would want to marry anyone this shallow in affection?—Sandy.

Dear Sandy: Who said she enjoyed the dance? She needed distraction and she reached for it. Her course of action would not be ours or yours, but we do no honor to her brother's memory to bomb sis. People react to grief in different ways. Let's accept that and get out of the judgment seat.

—ELE and WALT.

* * *

Ele and Walt have truly enjoyed helping you with your problems. Now, since this is the last issue of TEEN LIFE to feature them, they would like to thank you for all your letters. We only regret that each and every one of them could not be answered here. Take care and love peace.—Ed.

GARY'S SECRET DIARY

continued from page 41

to come here.

I'll never forget her face when she saw the apartment I rented. It had only one bed. We had to put the kids down on the floor. And that wasn't the worst part of it. I couldn't find a bed to buy or any linens. So I solved the problem the way I always have. I wrote my Mom. And Jinky wrote, too. I remember part of what Jinky wrote. "We're so cold, Mom," she said. "Please send us some linens and rugs and old comforters." Well, Mom scurried around and shopped for a lot of stuff like that and sent it. Now we're wondering how long it will take to arrive. Getting packages here halfway around the world from home isn't exactly like having them delivered from the neighborhood department store. It might take weeks. Meanwhile, we do the best we can. Jinky is making the adjustment very well, I'm proud to say. She's such a great girl. I don't know how many other gals could accept such a radical change in living standards without complaining at least a little. Jinky hasn't said a word. And here is a girl who comes from a wealthy home where they have five people to help. But when we lived off the base at Fort Ord she did everything herself. She wouldn't even hear of having a cleaning woman come in even once in a while. I hear that maids are awfully inexpensive here and I'm gonna check around and see

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if it's true. If I find that other GI families have maids and we can afford one, I'll try to talk Jinky into it. I'd like her to have some help now that there are two children to care for. That would give her a little free time—which she hasn't had much of lately. A chance to get out and explore the city.

But this is really a wonderfully broadening experience for both of us. Jinky grew up with servants; I had a great life in my family. And seeing how people live here, learning what life is like in other parts of the world and realizing how many things people can do without has opened our eyes and matured us. Believe me, neither of us will ever again take for granted all the wonderful comforts and luxuries I guess we thought everybody has. We're privileged and most fortunate and from now on we'll really appreciate whatever we have.

Gee, that was a great day when Jinky and John and little Sara got off the plane. It was considerably different from my arrival here. I'll never forget my getting off the troop plane. It was raining so hard I thought the plane had landed at the bottom of the bay. By the time we got down the ramp from the plane to the ground, in those few steps we were absolutely drenched. What a welcome that was! Then I learned that this is usually a rainy climate and that we could expect plenty of wet days. Which isn't easy for a California boy, used to plenty of sunshine, to get used to.

I wasn't as lonesome during those first few weeks alone here as I thought I would be. This is a pretty big city with lots of activity and things to do. There are good theaters and many nice clubs, much sports activity and all of it pretty top quality. What was fun, too, was playing bingo. There's this one place that offers a $500 prize, and you should have seen all of us GIs in there playing the game and nervously sweating out the numbers and hoping to put that last bean in place so we could holler "Bingo!" and win that 500 bucks. That's pretty good money for a soldier, you know. It's a lot of months' pay.

I remember playing bingo at home when I was little. The folks used to vacation down at Coronado (that's a resort island near San Diego) and the hotel would have a bingo game once a week. I just couldn't wait for that night to come. I love that game. It's so exciting. Funny how you remember little things. You know what I remember most about those bingo games? The night Ronald Reagan played in the same game. He was an actor then and who would ever has guessed that he would become Governor of California someday—or that I would someday play bingo in a city halfway around the world.

My first concern when I arrived here was what duty I would be assigned to. I didn't think they'd have me doing what I did back at Fort Ord, running the Post Theaters. And I was right. They made me a clerk in a supply warehouse. I like it, too. It's something different and I'm learning a whole new business. Sure, I may never use that knowledge once I get back into civilian life, but I have that kind of curious nature that makes me want to know everything about everything.

Like all guys in new outfits, I was a little concerned about making friends. It's really not hard for me to meet guys and make friends, but you know those first few days in new surroundings and how you wonder about it. Well, fortunately, right off the bat I ran into two old buddies from Fort Ord. And, boy, how that helped. I didn't feel such a perfect stranger. And then in a couple of days, even the new guys I met turned out to be nice guys. So I had lots of good company to keep me from being lonesome those first few weeks and now that Jinky's here they're still around as good buddies to be with during the workday.

That's another thing I really like, meeting lots of new couples and especially people from all parts of the country and from all over the world, people whose backgrounds and experience and philosophies are so different from mine. Of course, I've always considered myself just an average guy. I never felt because I came from a show business family or was in show business myself or lived in a big house in Beverly Hills that I was anybody special. I never went night clubbing very much. I never dated actresses or ran around with the movie crowd. So it isn't as drastic a change for me as I know it is for some of the kids I grew up with whose folks were in the Hollywood crowd. Man, do they ever have an adjustment to make when they get in the service. But it was easy for me. My folks had always impressed on us kids that when a person grows up and goes out into the business world he is going to have to meet and get along with different types of people, and the sooner a person recognizes that, the easier it will be for him to get along in the world. I'm glad they were that wise. That's why none of us Lewis kids is jaded. My folks aren't the type to run to Chasen's and The Factory every night and neither am I. And neither is Jinky. That's why I'm happy now, and usually am wherever I am and whoever I'm with.

Can I tell you a little secret? I think I'm up for Corporal. Wouldn't that be a gas? Hope I get it soon.

And here's another secret, but one that doesn't make me as happy as that first one I just told you. The secret is that because of additional duties here and because I want to take as good and constant care of my family as I can, I will not be able to write you in my Diary as I have for so many months. This truly makes me sad, but I'm hoping that in another few months I can continue to write to you all.

It's been really wonderful writing you every month, I want you to know that, and I want to thank you. Thank you for all your kind letters to me, all of which I loved reading. And thank you for reading my little stories to you here. Love, Gary. ●

DAVY JONES' LOCKER

continued from page 5

really fine." Susie is a male but is named in honor of Susie the First, a dog whom David dearly loved and lost a few months ago, and the name gives you some idea of his loyalty.

The house is David's bulwark, a place where he can relax completely and be himself, away from the pressures and worries and hangups that go along with becoming a star of the magnitude of Davy Jones. Worries? Davy Jones? For Davy is the one with the big brown eyes and broad shoulders and no hips and enough charm to lure the birds right out of the trees if he wished, and solid talent and the kind of popular acclaim that touches only a special few. So what kind of problems . . . other than trying to decide which of several eager girls to date for the evening . . . could he have?

He has a few. Like everyone else, David has his highs and occasional lows, his doubts and his dreams. And his home is the place where he can reflect on all the fantastic things that have happened to him in the past few years, a place to assess past mistakes and future plans . . . a place to dream special dreams. It's a kind of locker where he hides his special secrets.

He runs his house himself, without benefit of a housekeeper. "I used to have a houseboy," David told me and his eyes glinted with laughter, "but he was pretty bad. I'd come home at night from the studio and the place would be in a mess and I'd find myself following the houseboy all around the house picking up after *him!* You know . . . cigarette papers, old newspapers, just junk. The ash-trays piled high, everything needing dusting. I knew within a couple of days that he wasn't going to work out . . . but I kept him on for two months because I didn't have the heart to fire him!" After the houseboy departed David took over the job himself and he is so neat and well organized that he found it relatively simple and he is still doing it. It works out very well for him and it also gives him a little more privacy . . . and privacy is something David has very little of. That's something else he treasures in his hideaway house.

Sitting quietly, fine eyes very serious, very dark, David talked about some of the things that are important to him, the things that matter. Privacy is one of them. And when you visit with David on the set of the Monkees you can see instantly what he means. He is never . . . repeat *never* . . . left alone. People on the set are constantly besieging him with requests . . . "Davy . . . come on over here and just say hi to these people . . . how about signing this picture Davy . . . say Davy, hold still just a minute while I snap a picture will you? . . . do this, do that, stand over here, stand there, sign this, sign that . . ." The demands never stop and because David is kind and innately polite he tries his best to answer all the requests. One of the things that people always comment on when they meet him for the first time . . . aside from his surprising maturity and strength . . . is how "nice" he is. Well . . . he is nice . . . but he isn't all *that* nice! No human being should be subjected to the constant pressure that David is and he has to get away from it from time to time. It's absolutely necessary for David to have a place to go at the end of the day where he can gather up the pieces of himself that have been nibbled at all day long, gather himself to himself, be himself again. "Some things," said David with sudden passion, springing to his feet and striding around the room . . . "some things are just . . . private! Personal! They can't be shared."

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TESTED AND PROVEN METHOD — ONLY 15 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY!

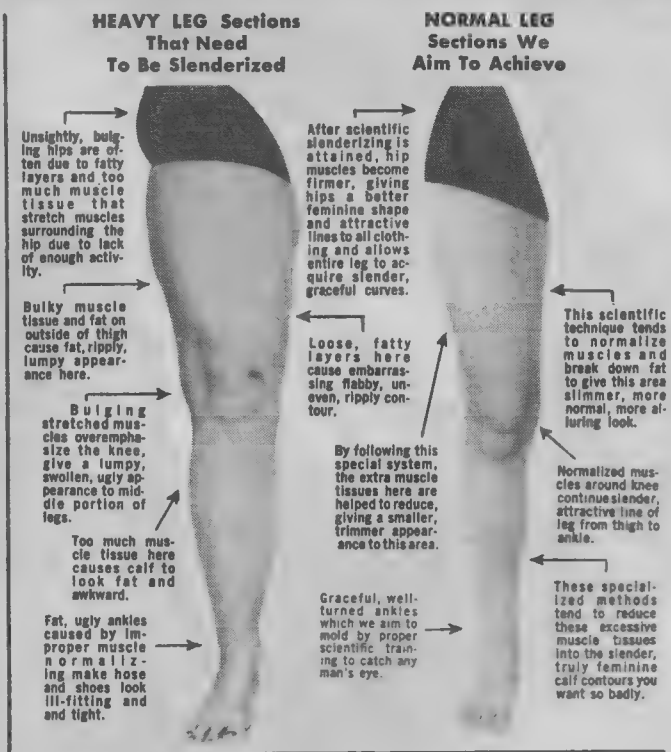
This most encouraging news for women with fat, flabby legs was revealed by Henry Milchstein, M.S., Ph.T. If your legs are heavy due to normal causes, you should try to attain the slender, alluring legs you've always wanted. This well-known physiotherapist was President of the Metropolitan School of Physiotherapy. His record is enviable in helping lovely stage and screen actresses as well as women like yourself to mold beautiful legs. Over a period of over 30 years, he used an amazingly natural method which is unsurpassed by anything we have ever seen.

Thousands gladly paid high fees for his personal instruction here in New York City. Now it is possible for any woman to try this famous expert's method, requiring only 15 minutes a day, right in the comfort and privacy of her own home at a tiny fraction of this cost.

How Your Individual Heavy Leg Problems Can Be Corrected By this Method

The Secret of Leg Slenderness

The muscles of the leg come close to the surface of the skin. The outward appearance of your legs depends on the condition of those muscles, just as wrapping paper gets its shape from the item it covers. When fatty layers and too much muscle tissue cause these leg muscles to stretch and bulge, your legs will show that condition in the form of a heavy flabby uneven shape. But when this scientific method breaks down the fatty layers and reduce the extra muscle tissue to normal, the legs will be firm, slender, and shapely. This Scientific Leg Slenderizing Course concentrates on the leg muscles of each section of your legs—hips, thighs, knees, calves, ankles — and shows you how to condition these muscles to reduce them to their proper normal size. That's why LASTING IMPROVEMENT MUST come through scientific leg muscle normalizing. Since your leg is made up of interconnected muscles you must normalize the entire leg's muscles to slenderize even one part of your legs.



Test and Proven Method Requires Only 15 Pleasant Minutes a Day!

Now it is possible for any woman to try this method, requiring only 15 minutes a day, right in the comfort and privacy of her own home.

You get the complete, easy, step-by-step illustrated SCIENTIFIC LEG SLENDERIZING TECHNIQUE with simple instructions for fat, flabby hips, thighs, knees, calves, ankles; gaining firmer, stronger legs; improving skin tone and circulation in legs; normal causes of heavy legs; plus measurement chart for each section of leg according to height and weight; also, how leg slenderizing may improve general health. Mail coupon TODAY!

Ordinary Methods Found to Help Little in Slenderizing Heavy Legs

Many women engaged in improper strenuous exercises and calisthenics used up a lot of time and energy but it did next to nothing for concentrating on trimming down heavy legs. Other women actually tried reducing diets alone to slenderize heavy legs. Since a weight reducing diet cannot be made to take weight off any single part of your body, you may lose weight everywhere but in your legs. And if your legs lost a little weight, no drug or diet can normalize and firm the entire contour, which would remain flabby. This method does concentrate on slenderizing each section of your legs from the hips to the ankles.

A Technique Based on Years Of Professional Experience

This progressive scientific method for slenderizing heavy legs is based on the knowledge and experience of professionals including physiotherapists and famous body contour experts throughout the world. HEALTH CULTURE Magazine asked this authority on legs to write a series of articles on the fundamentals of this method so that their readers learn about this wonderful technique.

Stronger Slender Legs Help You Dance, Swim, Play Sports, Walk, Stand, Wear Clothes Better!

Because the legs are the one part of the body which always show, glamorous legs help the appearance of your entire figure in any clothes you wear — dresses, skirts, sports and play clothes, bathing suits, etc.

Well formed, firm legs help you to be a more desirable dance partner and do the latest steps more gracefully. They enable you to swim, skate, bowl, play tennis, etc., with more ease and better form. They help you walk and stand with ease and poise at work or play with less fatigue even when on your feet a great deal.

Read What A Few of the Many Satisfied Women Say About This Method!

"Inches Seemed to Melt Off My Legs"

Please feel free to print all or part of this . . . as I would like others who were blue and discouraged to know it can be done. Here are my leg measurements:—

September 1st	December 1st	
Hips—40 inches	35 inches	Lost 5 inches
Thigh—22 inches	20 inches	Lost 2 inches
Knee—15 inches	13½ inches	Lost 1½ inches
Calf—14 inches	13 inches	Lost 1 inch
Ankle—8¼ inches	8 inches	Lost ¼ inch

—Mrs. H. B. G., Ponca City, Oklahoma

Lost 1½ Inches in Hips, 1¾ Inches in Thigh, 1¼ Inches in Calf, ½ Inch in Ankle

"Before I started the course I was too self-conscious about the proportion of my body from the hips down to wear shorts or bathing suit. Since I started the course I have lost 1½ inches in hips, 1¾ inches in thigh, 1¼ inches in calf, and ½ inch in ankle. I am extremely happy with the progress so far."

—Mrs. P. R., Gainesville, Texas

"I thought your course was just wonderful. It is really the best for acquiring more slender, graceful legs . . . and would recommend it to anyone who wants lovelier legs."

—Miss A. C., Drumright, Okla.

"I like the course. I never knew I could have skinnier legs in so short a time. I enjoyed taking the course as it was fun and not hard to do as many courses usually are!"

—Miss F. R., W. Hollywood, Florida

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12 Warren St., New York, N.Y. 10007

Rush to me the HOME METHOD FOR SLENDERIZING HEAVY LEGS (in plain wrapper) marked "Personal". I will pay postman on delivery $1.98 plus postage. If I do not see satisfactory results, I will return course for complete refund of my $1.98.

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Much has been written about David's extraordinary sympathy for other people, his empathy and sensitivity. And it's true . . . he does have it. It's what makes him such a good performer able to communicate directly to the heart of an audience, it's what makes him such a supremely attractive human being . . . and it's what makes him blow his top occasionally too! And when David is upset or angry about something . . . you know it! His eyes flash, his jaw juts out, the air around him gets electric, you know exactly what he means! But he never loses his temper except with those on his own level able to fight back, and the thing that usually sets him off is to see or hear someone putting somebody else down, particularly if the other person is not there to defend himself. Not long ago, during the windup of shooting on the current Monkee movie due to be released late this summer, a famous freak-out singer was working in a small role. An important woman visitor to the set that day didn't like the singer . . . and she said so, loudly and explicitly. Everything about the singer apparently annoyed her . . . his looks, his clothes, the way he walked, talked and breathed. David listened to her harangue for a moment and then he marched himself over to her, and he was angry. "Madam," he said, evenly, politely, and furiously, "Are you aware that that man has a wife and two beautiful children? And that he is supporting them the best way he knows how with his talents as a singer? I don't think the way he looks or dresses should make any difference to you at all!"

The woman was so astonished that she stopped her ridiculing at once, and perhaps began to reconsider some of her remarks about a "dirty, non-contributing hippie." The incident is typical of David. The singer was no particular friend of his. He was simply reacting to an insult to a man who could not defend himself . . . and he did something about it.

Friends are very important to David. "I think I know" he said, tracing a finger along the edge of the table, "I think I know immediately whether someone likes me for myself or not. That's important to me."

That's a lesson he learned long ago . . . a lesson that made him a man and not a boy. Anyone who has traveled the same rough road David has during the past eight years would today be a man and not a boy. No one who starts out at fourteen and a half without any money, without any pull or connections of any kind, and ends up half a dozen years later with the kind of success and adulation that David has, could still be a boy . . . not if he has any intellectual equipment at all he couldn't . . . and David has plenty of that.

He's kept his sense of dimension, his sense of balance. He's learned how to separate the real from the unreal, how to recognize the kind of friends who love him because he's David Jones . . . and not because he's Davy Jones, International Star. That's the kind of maturity that doesn't come easily and it doesn't come quickly to most of us and it sometimes never comes at all to people in the public eye, particularly those who make the kind of impact that David and the rest of the Monkees did.

So his friends today are friends he can trust. Some of them . . . like David Pearl . . . work with him on the show. Others date from his New York days. One of them, Steve Pitts, lives in the guest house . . . *"and* pays me rent," says David drily. "All the guys pitch in and do their share." They are all young, all talented, all share a fondness for music, girls and food, although not necessarily in that order . . . and they have a kind of camaraderie and friendship that is refreshing and rare in the jungle atmosphere of show business.

When David is home, it is one or more of these friends who visit him the most . . . but there are others. David often brings his date of the moment up to the house, but the dates you read about are not necessarily the ones he's the most serious about. His private life is just that . . . private . . . and although he dates a lot and you read about his dating well-known girls it may very well be a secretary or a salesgirl or a college student who intrigues him the most. Because it's the person David cares about, and not the name.

So David goes to his home and he thinks about all these things . . . his quick temper, his sensitivity to criticism of his friends, plus some of the other things that bother him from time to time. He worries about biting his nails, and getting too thin because he doesn't pace himself properly, and he wonders what direction his career is going to take . . . and then he thinks about his big dream.

A family. Every time I have talked with David during the past year or so he has mentioned this subject. The first time I ever talked with him he said, very directly and very emphatically . . . "I want a family. I *need* a family. And I'll get married in seven years." He flashed me a look from those extraordinary eyes and I remember thinking that this was no ordinary young man. Today he still wants a family and needs a family . . . but his seven year plan may have changed a bit!

"I'll get married," says Davy. "But the timing has to be right. And I'm not sure it's right yet."

"I'll get married. There's no question of that," he told me. "But the timing has to be right . . . and I'm not sure it's right yet." And maybe the girl isn't right yet either.

David is completely devoted to his own family in England. He writes his father regularly, sees to it that his father has the best medical care, buys him little things . . . and big things . . . to make life easier, flies home to visit him whenever he can. David's mother (to whom he bears a startling resemblance) and his father must have given him a marvelously happy childhood. It shows through today in his love and consideration for his father and his yearning for his own family.

The girl who shares his family life must be very special because she'll be the mother of his children. Sometimes he worries that he may not be able to find her. On the face of it this seems ridiculous because he's surrounded by girls constantly . . . all of them desperately willing to date him. But the quick cheap romance is not for him. That sort of thing only repels him. "Look," he told me frankly, "that kind of thing only hurts . . . and I don't want to hurt anybody. I figure that in any relationship I give as much as the girl gives . . . I *want* to give. I don't want just to take. Any good relationship has to be shared . . . each of the people involved has to give. And I think I'll give as much as the girl will.

"I'll tell you," he said, and his face was suddenly flooded with light and feeling . . . "I'll tell you . . . kind of what I want. Like . . . well not so long ago I had the most marvelous day! A girl friend and I picked up the small child of some friend of ours and we all went to a little park. You know . . . just an ordinary city park with swings and a sandbox, things like that. And . . . it was the most wonderful day! Just to be there with the child . . . and walk in the clear air . . . and just . . . be alive. Of course a couple of times I had to duck over like this" . . . David laughed and hunched over and put his hands over his head . . . "so nobody would recognize me and spoil it for us . . . but I could see my friend pushing the little boy in the swing and I could hear him squealing with delight. And afterwards we went to a little amusement park and it had a carousel and ponies and there was nobody much there, it was kind of late in the afternoon by then. And the whole day had a kind of . . . of magic about it. There was real love there. That's the kind of love I'm looking for," said David intensely. "That kind of love . . . that kind of communication."

David is wise enough to realize that this kind of basic love and trust far outweighs the screaming adoration of millions of people, the temporary love that demands and doesn't give. He gives . . . and that's the kind of love he will get.

These are some of the things David thinks about as he wanders about his hillside house, and works in the yard, or just sits and looks at the view for a few precious moments. These are the things that are important to David . . . right now. ●

By Karen Holdt

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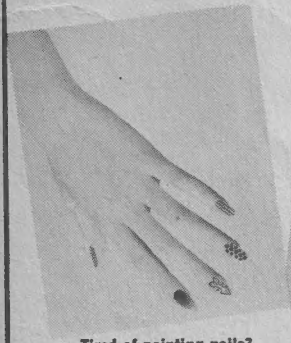

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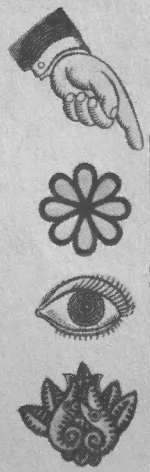

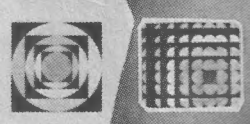

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As a member of Young America Record Club you receive regular 16-page Club magazine of the hits being played most by the disc jockeys, on the juke boxes, from the "Top-of-the-Charts." They're all yours at the Club's low prices, with just a small charge for handling and mailing. And, as a member, you can

1. Get **FREE RECORDS** just for introducing your friends as members.
2. Get news about you printed in the Club's newspaper.
3. Get **FREE SAMPLE PRODUCTS** from famous manufacturers.
4. Know what's hip and happening on the 'teen scene here and abroad.
5. Make friends in your home town (or anywhere in the country) through free "Pen-Pal" service.
6. Be selected as Miss "Young America" in the Club's Beauty Queen Contest.
7. Buy **LUCKY RECORDS** and get **another** record **FREE.**
8. Shop at the "Shop Spot" and buy jings-n-things by mail from the Club's "big store" of what's new and exciting.
9. Run **PERSONAL MESSAGES** in "On Beat"—trade things, get in touch with friends, tell some "major animal" you're his "bird"!

Membership dues in Young America Record Club are only $1.00, good for a full year of fun and savings. Mail the coupon at the right today. And please be sure to tell us in the coupon the title of the FREE TOP-HIT SINGLE (45 RPM) you want us to send you FREE with membership. Do it today—before you forget!

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DOES THE CLUB . . .	CLUB "A"	CLUB "B"	YOUNG AMERICA RECORD CLUB
Bring your favorite 'teen stars?	Some	Some	ALL 'teen stars
Obligate you to buy records?	YES—12	YES—10	NONE
Bill you for records you didn't order?	Possibly	Possibly	NEVER
Ship records right away?	5-6 wks	5-6 wks	Same day ordered
Discount your records?	NO	NO	25% — 33⅓% 50% 75%
Offer tapes and singles	NO	NO	YES
Offer all labels?	NO	NO	ALL LABELS
Do you get all new records as soon as released?	NO	NO	YES — all of them
Offer 'teen activities?	NO	NO	YES — fun galore!
Offer "lucky purchase" records bring you free products, etc.?	NO	NO	YES So join today!

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"This is the best record club I have seen. Glad to become a part of it. Thank you." — J. H.

"I wish there were more clubs who really . . . do as they say and that have 'teen pop albums." — J. C.

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"I want you to know that I think your Club is a wonderful idea, and I hope to buy a lot of your records." — K. B.

"I have never been very interested in any record club because the prices were too high. I told my boy friend about (Young America Record Club) and I'm sure he will join. Thank you." — T. Y.

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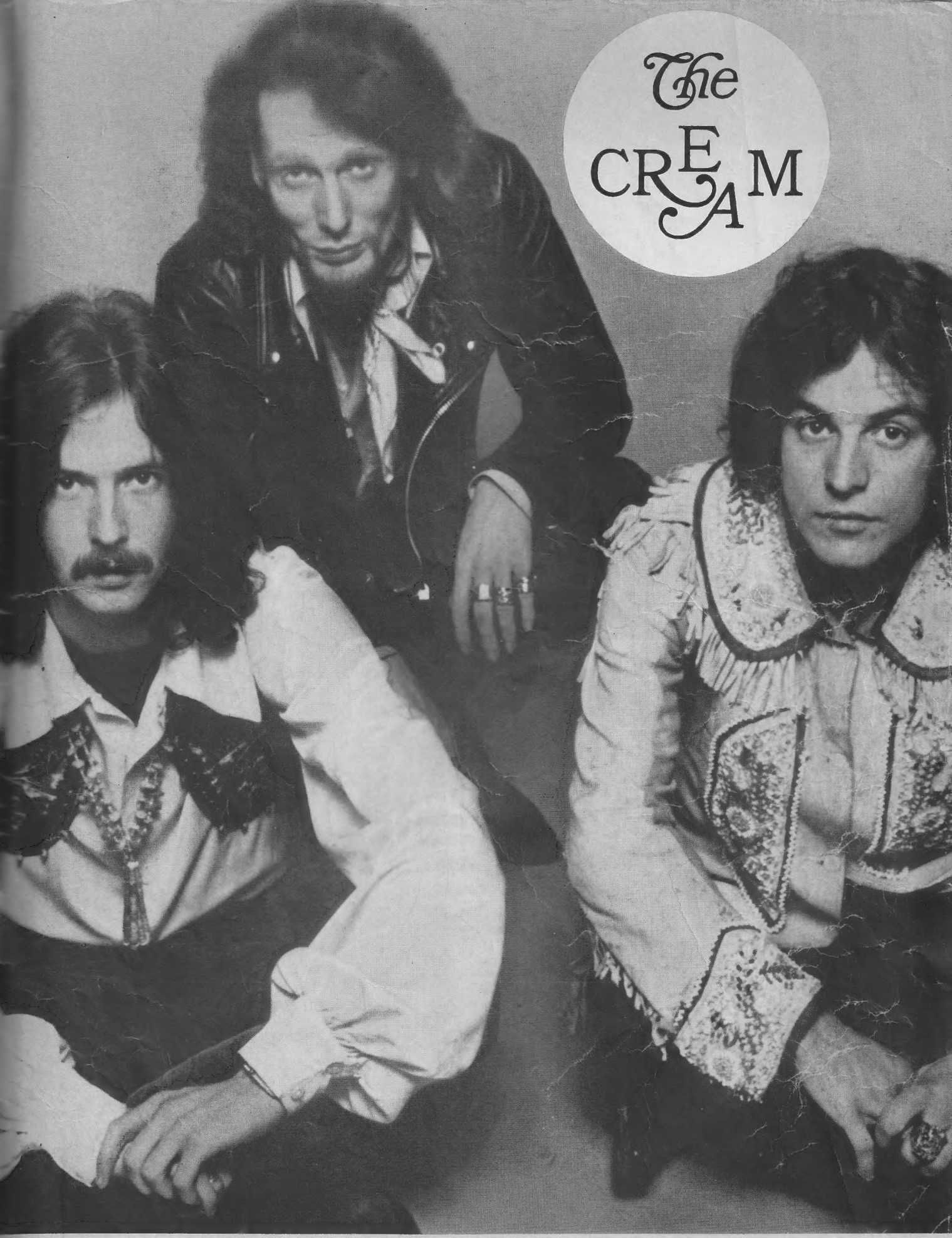
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